

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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THE FOSSIL LOVERS.

MISS ANN GELICA kindly sends us her reply to Bret Harte's "Geological Madrigal," which she assures us is addressed to her. To enable the reader to understand the young lady's reply we prefix "Dear Bret's" verses:—

A GEOLOGICAL MADRIGAL.

(After Shenstone.)

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair,
I know where the fossils abound,
Where the footprints of *Aves* declare
The birds that once walked on the ground;
O, come, and—in technical speech—
We'll walk this Devonian shore,
Or on some Silurian beach
We'll wander, my love, evermore.

I will show thee the sinuous track
By the slow-moving annelid made,
Or the Trilobite that, farther back,
In the old Potsdam sandstone was laid.
Thou shalt see, in his Jurassic tomb,
The Plesiosaurus embalmed;
In his Oolitic prime and his bloom,—
Iguanodon safe and unharmed!

You wished—I remember it well,
And I loved you the more for that wish—
For a perfect Cystidean shell,
And a *whole* holoccephalic fish.
And O, if earth's strata contains
In its lowest Silurian drift,
Or Palæozoic remains,
The same,—'tis your lover's free gift!

Then come, love, and never say nay,
But calm all your maidenly fears,
We'll note, love, in one summer's day,
The record of millions of years;
And though the Darwinian plan
Your sensitive feelings may shock,
We'll find the beginning of man,—
Our fossil ancestors in rock.

MY REPLY TO DEAR BRET'S MADRIGAL.

THY epistle, dear Bret, I've received,
And trust thou'lt not think me too bold,
If I frankly acknowledge I'm grieved
At the thought that to thee I've been cold.

How sweetly thou managest wooing!
What a way to my heart thou hast found!!
Abandoning billing and cooing,
Thou tell'st me where fossils abound.

Forever henceforward I'm thine,
To view Ornithichnites I'm sighing;
(Don't delay,—for a ramble I pine),
To find them *in situ* am dying.

Tridactylous, struthious, and huge;
With phalanges nicely indented,
Entombed when Dame Nature with rouge
The marl and the sandstone beds painted.

If thou wilt but extract me a femur,
With matrix just near the trochanter,
I'll abandon all maidenly tremor,
And at once name the day, thou enchanter.

I'll only make one stipulation:

That, avoiding hotel, inn, and tavern,
We improve the time-honored lunation,
And our honeymoon spend in a cavern.

There I'll labor, content in the fetter,
To find, happy thought! if I can,
A dear second husband and better,
A petrified pithecoïd man.

Nature.

A. G.

WITH THE DEAD LEAVES.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

WATCHING the dead leaves drift along
Urged by the keen wind's restless feet,
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng
Through the alleys and lanes of the rain-
swept street,
Wanders my mem'ry back to the time
When I wooed my love with sigh and
rhyme.

Then it was spring, and the sun-rays shone
On fresh young tints from a cloudless sky;
And I with my sweetheart strolled alone
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy,
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts love-
mad,
Ne'er dreamt that the future could be sad.

But winter came, and the green leaves fell,
My love's soul went to the dreamland shore;
And the wind with the dead leaves sang the
knell
Of the good true heart I should woo no
more;
So when I hear the leaves and the rain
I think of my love, and live again.

All The Year Round.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

PALE winter roses, the white ghosts
Of our June roses,
Last beauty that the old year boasts,
Ere his reign closes!

I gather you, as farewell gift
From parting lover,
For ere you fade, his moments swift
Will all be over.

Kind ghosts ye are, that trouble not,
Nor fright, nor sadden,
But wake fond memories half forgot,
And thoughts that gladden.

O changeless past! I would the year
Left of lost hours
No ghosts that brought more shame or fear,
Than these white flowers!

Spectator.

R. I. O.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN.

At no previous time in the history of physiology and medicine has the study of the structure and functions of the brain proved to be of such surpassing interest, or engaged so many able workers, as at present; and as an era in the investigation of these problems has recently closed, it seems appropriate to point out the landmarks of our present position, which has been reached by the development of more accurate and comprehensive modes of investigation than were formerly employed.

The most important step in modern research, and which may be said to have ushered in a new period in our knowledge of brain function, was the application of electricity to the hemispheres of the brain of living animals, and the observation of the effects caused by such stimulation. The first successful experiments of this kind were made by two German observers, Fritzsche and Hitzig, of Berlin, who were soon followed by Ferrier in this country. A secure base was thus given to one of the most important doctrines of the present day, viz., *the localization of the several cerebral faculties*; and if vivisection had done nothing else for science, it would simply on account of this have a claim on our gratitude. But vivisection is only one of the means which have been employed towards the elucidation of our subject. The clinical features of the several diseases of the brain have been, and are now, more attentively than ever studied by hospital physicians; the symptoms observed during life are compared with the results of post-mortem examinations; and by simultaneously bringing anatomy, experimental physiology, clinical medicine, and pathology to bear upon this great question, the present doctrine of brain-function eventually became established.

I now proceed to give a rapid survey of the fundamental facts of this doctrine.

The brain consists of two different but closely interwoven substances which, on account of their color, have been termed the *grey* and the *white matter*. The grey matter, which consists of minute

cells or globules, is intended to produce and accumulate the nervous force, while the white matter, which consists of tubes or fibres, serves to conduct it in all directions. The grey matter may therefore be appropriately likened to a galvanic battery in which an electric current is generated, and the white matter to telegraph-wires which conduct the current to any place where it may be required. These cells and fibres are cemented together by a kind of connective tissue which is termed neuroglia, and imparts to them proper support and firmness. There are infinite variations in the size and arrangement of these cells and fibres, and which are no doubt intimately connected with their respective functions. It is not my purpose in the present paper to give even the merest outline of these structural relations, nor of the coarser portions of the brain, as this would be unintelligible without the aid of models, diagrams, and microscopical sections; and I will therefore simply state that we may subdivide the brain into five principal parts, which greatly differ in general configuration, and which, although they are in the most intimate connection with each other, yet are invested with thoroughly different functions. They stand in the relation of higher and lower centres, the lowest being the medulla, and the highest the grey surface of the hemispheres. The functions of these parts will now be considered *seriatim*, beginning with the lower centres.

1. The *medulla* forms the connecting link between the spinal cord and the brain. It is a small cord, about an inch long, and weighing no more than two drachms; yet it must be looked upon as the most vital part of the whole system, for injury to it proves immediately fatal. The most important function of the medulla is to cause and to regulate the respiratory movements, and the point in which this respiratory centre is situated is called the *vital knot*. Death by hanging results generally from injury to this special point in the medulla, through dislocation or fracture of the upper portion of the spine; the criminal therefore dies of asphyxia, or cessation of respiration.

The entire brain above the medulla may be removed in an animal, and the latter may yet continue to breathe; but destruction of the medulla asphyxiates it at once. The same organ also regulates the heart's action. It is true that the pulsations of the heart are not, like the respiratory movements, at once arrested by destruction of the medulla, for they may continue some time after death from hanging. Indeed, the rhythmic beating of the heart is effected by means of small nerve-cells which are situated in its muscular substance, and which may retain their energy for some time after death. The influence of the medulla upon the heart is therefore a secondary one, that is, to retard or accelerate its action. The medulla is never at rest as long as life lasts, for respiration and the heart's action continue during sleep as well as in the waking condition in a typical manner.

The medulla is likewise the centre of action for the blood-vessels. These are not always equally distended by the circulating liquid, but may contract and dilate, as is seen in sudden blushing and pallor, under the influence of diverse mental emotions. The insensible perspiration of the skin, which, like respiration, is also going on constantly, is likewise under the influence of the medulla.

A pointed illustration of these facts is given by the symptoms of the peculiar disorder known as sunstroke. This affection occurs more particularly in the tropics, but is occasionally observed in hot weather in the temperate zone, in persons who are exposed to the direct rays of the sun, and who have at the same time to undergo exertion. It is therefore chiefly seen in soldiers marching during the heat of the day, or in agricultural laborers who are at work in the fields; yet it has been known to come on at night, in persons sleeping in the pestilential atmosphere of overcrowded and badly ventilated barracks or cabins, and in children shut up in a stifling bedroom after having been exposed to great heat during the day. It would therefore be more appropriate to speak of heat-stroke, for the disorder really consists of a great and sudden rise in the temperature of the

blood, which in this state acts as a poison on the medulla. The perspiration of the skin is suddenly arrested, and as the evaporation of sweat on the surface of the body is intended to produce cold, and thus to neutralize the effects of the external heat, the closure of this safety-valve causes a further rise of temperature, which paralyzes some or most of the centres in the medulla. The worst kind of heat-stroke is that in which the centres for respiration and the heart's action are affected, as fatal asphyxia or syncope is the result. A person who may be walking in the street or working in a field is seen suddenly to drop down as if shot or struck by lightning, and dies in a minute or two. A fatal issue is in such cases so rapid that there is no chance for any treatment to do good, more especially as the means which would be of the first importance, viz., ice and plenty of cold water, are usually not at once at hand.

The second kind of sunstroke is owing to paralysis of the centre for the blood-vessels in the medulla, whereby apoplexy is caused. In such instances the symptoms are not quite so sudden, and death may often be averted. The illness begins with mental disturbance — there are delusions and hallucinations, followed by mania, and the patient may commit suicide or homicide. This stage of excitement lasts for a short time, and is succeeded by a period of depression. The patient becomes sleepy, insensible, and may die in a state of profound apoplexy. Life is, however, often saved by drenching the body with cold water, and applying ice to the head. The overheated blood is thereby cooled, and the medulla roused from its torpid condition.

The movements of swallowing, which require for their proper execution a co-ordinated action of the lips, tongue, palate, and gullet, are likewise under the immediate influence of the medulla. The same organ contains a centre for the physiological play of the muscles of the face, and another for articulate speech, that is, the pronunciation of vowels and consonants in such fashion as to form words. These facts are well illustrated by the symptoms of a peculiar disease which,

although it has no doubt always existed, has only recently attracted the attention of the medical world, and which consists in a wasting away of those nerve-cells in the medulla which preside over the functions just mentioned. This affection, which has received the euphonious name of "labio-glosso-pharyngeal paralysis," commences with apparently insignificant symptoms. It is found that speaking, eating, and swallowing require an effort. The tongue feels heavy; the lips do not move properly; the patient experiences difficulty in pronouncing certain letters, such as *b*, *p*, *o*, and *u*; he cannot whistle or blow out a candle. As time goes on, the tongue becomes more powerless; more letters of the alphabet are lost; the soft palate does not act properly, and the voice acquires a nasal twang. The vocal cords become paralyzed, the voice is completely lost, and the patient is only able to grunt. He cannot blow his nose, clear his throat, cough, or swallow. In attempting to eat, the tongue fails to form a proper morsel of the food taken, and to push it on to the gullet. The food remains, therefore, between the teeth and the cheeks, and can only be pushed further on to the throat by the aid of the fingers. It is apt to get into the wind-pipe and cause choking. On attempting to drink the liquid returns through the nose. The unfortunate sufferer thus dies a slow death from starvation, the torments of which can only inadequately be relieved by medical aid. On making a post-mortem examination, wasting of certain nerve-cells in the medulla is discovered to be the cause of this terrible malady.

All these different functions of the medulla which we have considered are automatic or mechanical, that is, independent of volition, intelligence, or any other of the higher mental processes; and they may therefore continue where the higher centres in the brain have been either experimentally removed, or disorganized by disease.

2. The next great division of the brain which we have to consider consists of the *pons*, or bridge, and *optic lobes*, and is the centre for still more complicated actions than those over which the medulla pre-

sides. The functions of these parts have been chiefly made known by experiments on living animals. A pigeon which is left in possession of these parts, but from which the higher portions of the brain have been removed, is still able to respond to a stimulus, but, if left alone, will show complete indifference and loss of initiative. There is no desire, no impulse to any spontaneous action, and apparently no recollection of any former events. Such an animal will remain, day by day, sitting quietly on its feet, without giving any signs of life, and, unless artificially fed, will ultimately die of starvation, without feeling the pangs of hunger and without suffering in any way. As soon, however, as its repose is disturbed, it will give signs of life. If laid on the back, it will struggle until it has regained its previous position on the feet. If pinched, it will walk away. If thrown into the air, it will flap its wings, and come down to the ground in the ordinary manner. If a light be held to the eyes, the pupils will contract. If ammonia be applied near the nostrils, the animal will draw back with signs of disgust. If a shot be fired close to it, it will jump up and open its eyes; and if food be put into its mouth, it will swallow it.

In frogs and fishes the phenomena are almost identical with those observed in pigeons, being only slightly modified by the different media in which the animals live. In the fish, for instance, the contact with the water acts as a constant external stimulus on the mechanism of swimming. A fish from which the higher portions of the brain have been removed, will therefore not sit still like the pigeon, but will go on swimming until it reaches an impediment to its passage. It follows a headlong and apparently irresistible impulse, yet will show some method, inasmuch as it will avoid obstacles, and turn aside when prevented from going straight on. While a fish in its normal condition will, as may daily be seen in an aquarium, stop on its way, sniff about, pursue a prey, etc., the unbrained fish sails heedlessly along, without ever stopping or taking nourishment, until it dies of exhaustion. In a similar manner an

unbrained frog, when thrown into the water, will move on until it reaches *terra firma*, but, as soon as it has found a resting-place, will remain in the same state of death-like repose as the pigeon.

In the mammalia the results differ somewhat from those obtained in the lower animals. In them the different portions of the brain are so intimately connected, and so dependent upon one another, that removal of the higher parts appears to disorder the entire mechanism, and causes such a degree of exhaustion as to interfere greatly with the independent action of the lower centres. Nevertheless, the functions of these latter are identical with those of the same parts in the lower animals, which we conclude from their homologous structure, and also from observations made in disease of these centres.

The expression of the affections, such as fear, terror, pleasure, pain, etc., is likewise under the influence of the second division of the brain. Frogs, in which the higher portions of the brain have been destroyed or removed, will still croak when stroked across the back; and croaking in the frog is the expression of satisfaction and comfort. In ourselves, laughing and crying, and other expressions of the affections, are generally quite involuntary, and independent of reflection. It is true that we may, by an effort of the will, restrain or inhibit such expressions; but this is done by a special exertion of the inhibitory influence of the higher centres, which can only come into play after a long course of training, and which is quite absent in children and uneducated persons.

3. The *cerebellum*, or little brain, which is intimately connected with the preceding and following divisions, was formerly believed to be the seat of the reproductive faculty and desire; but this view has recently been shown to be incorrect. Nor has the cerebellum any thing to do with reason, volition, or consciousness; for animals which are deprived of the higher centres, yet left in possession of the cerebellum, do not show any spontaneity of desire or action, and will, for instance, die of starvation with the utmost indifference. If, however, the cerebellum be removed, the animal will move about as if it were drunk. It is not paralyzed and will endeavor to carry out certain movements, but there is an utter want of precision; and even the most desperate efforts do not succeed in steadying the body. The cerebellum is thus shown to be the organ

of equilibration of the body; and this conclusion from physiological experiments has been corroborated by observations of disease of the organ in man. It is likewise known that the different portions of the cerebellum have different parts allotted to them in this respect. One part prevents us from falling forwards, another from falling sideways and from constantly turning round in a circle, while a third is intended to secure us from falling backwards.

4. The *central ganglia*, which constitute the fourth great division of the brain, have the function to render certain complex movements which are intimately connected with sensations, and which are, in the first instance, only excited by volition and consciousness, gradually, as it were, mechanical and automatic. The object of this contrivance is to save time and trouble to the highest portion of the brain, viz., the grey surface of the hemispheres. It is intended that these latter should only be occupied with the most important manifestations of life. The central ganglia may therefore be said to be the confidential servants or private secretaries of the hemispheres, and undertake a good deal of drudgery, in order to leave the grey surface at liberty for the finer and more difficult kinds of the work which falls to our lot in life. Thus we have, in childhood and youth, to learn the actions of walking, talking, writing, dressing, dancing, riding on horseback, decent eating and drinking, singing, playing of musical instruments, etc., by countless conscious efforts on the part of the hemispheres; and full attention is necessary in the beginning in order to enable us to carry out such movements in a proper manner. But the older we grow, the more frequently we have directed our minds to all these forms of activity, the less effort will eventually be necessary on the part of consciousness and volition; and ultimately all such movements will be performed mechanically, and without much, if any, attention to them on the part of the grey surface of the brain. A man who is in the habit of writing much never thinks of the way in which he forms his letters on the paper, over which his pen seems to fly quite mechanically. The same holds good for the various kinds of needlework, embroidery, playing on the piano, the violin, etc. If, each time we do anything of that sort, a conscious effort were necessary for all the different parts of which the action is composed, the time at our disposal would not suffice

for the hundredth part of the work which we actually get through in life; and some forms of activity, such as finished piano and violin playing, would be utterly impossible.

A key is thus furnished for the comprehension of many singular occurrences which would otherwise be quite inexplicable. A pianist, for instance, finds himself playing one of Rubinstein's sonatas by heart, and is perhaps thinking all the time of his coming trip to Switzerland, or something else which may happen to engage his attention; that is, the central ganglia play the sonata, while the hemispheres are busy elsewhere. A very worthy country parson told me some time ago that, when he reads prayers at church, he does so quite as an automaton, for his mind keeps wandering in a totally different direction. A man who knows London well may walk from his house through a maze of streets with the greatest precision to his club, where he arrives without having given the slightest attention either to the act of walking or the direction he took, but having been quite in another world of thoughts all the time he was on his way.

Somnambulism and other automatic conditions, which are observed in certain states of derangement of the nervous system, may be similarly explained. The lower centres are habitually under the absolute control of the highest, that is, the hemispheres; yet this balance of power may be temporarily disturbed by illness or exhaustion of the grey surface, and the central ganglia may then begin to act in their own fashion. What may take place under such circumstances may be aptly compared to certain occurrences which are not uncommon when the family is out of town, and the servants are left in charge of the house. Supposing the hemispheres to have lost their control over the lower centres, elaborate actions may take place which may have all the appearance of deliberate intention, and yet for which the person who commits them can no more be held responsible than the absent master of the house for the misdoings of his servants. The somnambulist who falls from the roof of a house and is killed is no more a suicide than a man who in the state of epileptic vertigo commits robbery, arson, or murder, can be called a truly responsible criminal. The legal mind has not yet been able to grasp the full significance of these facts, as shown by convictions to penal servitude

of persons who should have been sent to hospitals or asylums.

5. The highest development of brain-matter is found in the *hemispheres, convolutions, or grey surface of the brain*, which is the material base of all mental and moral activity. This portion of the brain, which may be called the seat of the soul, is not a single organ, as was formerly supposed, but consists of a number of thoroughly differentiated organs, each one of which possesses certain functions, yet is in the closest possible connection with all the others. To define all these various organs with accuracy, to determine their intimate structure as well as their individual energy, and to trace the physiological and pathological alterations which they undergo during the natural processes of development, maturity, and decay, and in diseases to which they are subject, is the greatest problem for the anatomy and physiology of the twentieth century; and when this problem is solved, a complete revolution in psychology must be the result. At present, however, we are only on the threshold of this inquiry, which is perhaps the most difficult and complicated of any which may present themselves to the human mind.

I cannot attempt, in the limits of the present paper, to enter at all fully into the labyrinth of these convolutions, but must be satisfied with a rapid survey of what is best known with regard to the functions of some of them.

One of the most suggestive results of recent researches has been to show that the faculty of intelligent language, as distinguished from simply articulate speech, is situated in that portion of the hemispheres which is called the third left frontal convolution, and its immediate neighborhood. We have already seen that the pronunciation of letters and words is effected in the lowest portion of the brain, viz., the medulla: but this and all the other inferior organs concerned in speaking form only as it were the instrument, on which that small portion of the brain's surface which I have just named is habitually playing. Lower centres are able to hear spoken words, and to see written words; but the intelligent appreciation of the connection which exists between words and ideas, and the faculty of expressing thoughts in sentences—that is, what the Greeks called *logos*—only reside in the third left frontal convolution. This discovery was foreshadowed by Gall, but actually made by Broca, who

likewise found that the left hemisphere is altogether more important for intellectual manifestations than the right, and is chiefly trained for talking as well as for most of the finer kinds of work which we have to perform in daily life. This appears to be owing to the following circumstances. The left hemisphere is originally heavier than the right; the convolutions are more abundantly developed in the left; and finally, the left is more abundantly provided with blood, on account of the larger calibre of the blood-vessels which supply it. Most people therefore train chiefly the left hemisphere for talking, writing, etc.; they are left-brained as they are right-handed. A preponderance of the right over the left hemisphere, on the other hand, seems, according to the most recent researches, to be characteristic of certain forms of insanity.

Physiological experiments on animals point to the convolution I have just named as being concerned in language; for when electricity is applied to the part in the living monkey or rabbit, the animal opens its mouth, and alternately protrudes and retracts the tongue. But far more convincing proofs have been furnished by numerous cases of disease in which there was loss of language during life, and where after death a lesion limited to the part just named was discovered.

A boy, aged five, who was a great chatterbox, fell out of the window and injured the left frontal bone, which was found depressed. There was no paralysis, but the boy had entirely lost his language. The wound healed in twenty-five days; but the child, although intelligent, remained dumb. A year afterwards he was accidentally drowned, and at the autopsy it was found that the third left frontal convolution had been destroyed by the injury he had received.

A man fell with his horse, but got up, took hold of the reins, and was going to jump into the saddle, when a doctor who happened to accompany him expressed the wish to make an examination. It was then found that he could not speak, but had to make himself understood by pantomime. A small wound in the left side of the forehead was found, with depression of bone; but there was no paralysis. Inflammation set in, the patient died, and at the post-mortem examination it was found that a fragment of bone had penetrated into the third left frontal convolution, which had become softened.

Talking, writing, drawing, etc., are ha-

bitually done by the left hemisphere alone, while both hemispheres have to be trained for musical performances. Pianists educate them both equally, while violinists and violoncello-players have to train them dissimilarly; and this is probably the reason why it requires more practice, and is more difficult, to play well on string instruments than on the piano.

A man who has, by disease or injury, lost the faculty of talking, is generally also unable to write; and it is only in exceptional cases that one of these functions persists while the other is in abeyance. Cases of this latter kind show, however, that there are really two separate centres for the two faculties which are lying very close together, and therefore generally suffer at the same time. If the disease affecting them be still more extensive, the faculty of intelligent pantomime or gesticulation is likewise abolished. Persons who have entirely lost their language may still be able to play chess, backgammon, and whist; and they have been observed to cheat at cards with some ingenuity. They may also be sharp in business matters—facts tending to show that speech and intellect do not run in identical grooves.

Those portions of the hemispheres which correspond to the parietal region or crown of the head, and which are called the *parietal lobes*, constitute the true motor region of the brain's surface, and, being in intimate connection with another portion which is the material base of the intellect and mind, have been called *psycho-motor centres*, in order to distinguish them from the lower motor centres in the medulla, the central ganglia, etc. The special functions of these psychomotor centres have been studied by the application of electricity, by destroying them in the living animal, and also by observation of certain symptoms at the bedside; and it has been shown that each one singly serves some definite purpose, as, for instance, clenching the fist, swimming, grasping something, raising the hand to the mouth, etc. Destruction of these centres causes paralysis of such movements, while irritation of them leads to a peculiar form of epilepsy, in which the convulsions affect only one (the opposite) side of the body, and where there is generally no loss of consciousness.

The next great division of the brain's surface is that which corresponds to the temporal region of the skull. These *temporal lobes* of the hemispheres are intended to act as centres for sensory per-

ceptions. This is likewise shown by galvanizing them in the living animal, and by localized destruction of the same. One portion of the temporal lobe is the centre of the sense of hearing. If it be destroyed, deafness on the opposite side is the result; on the other hand, if it be electrified, the animal is seen to prick up its ears and to assume the attitude of listening, just as it does when a sudden noise is made close to its ear. In those animals whose habits of life render their safety dependent upon the keenness of their sense of hearing, as, for instance, the wild rabbit and the jackal, galvanization of that part causes not only pricking of ears and listening, but also a quick jump to the side, as if to escape from some danger which would be announced by a loud or unusual noise.

The centre for the sense of smell is situated close by. If it be electrified, the animal begins to sniff, as if it smelt something strong, just as it does when odoriferous substances are placed to its nose. Destruction of this centre causes loss of smell. It is particularly developed in animals which are endowed with a keen sense of smell, such as dogs, cats, and rabbits. A centre for the perception of taste is in its immediate neighborhood. Other portions of the temporal lobes are intended for the sense of touch, and there is also a visual centre, destruction of which causes blindness of the opposite side. All these centres are symmetrically arranged on both sides, the left in the brain serving for the right side of the body, and *vice versa*.

A third portion of the hemispheres which we have to consider are the *posterior* or *occipital* lobes, which correspond to the back of the head. Their structure differs greatly from that of the parts more in front, and they receive their blood-supply from quite a different set of blood-vessels. Electricity has apparently no influence upon them, and destruction of their substance causes neither paralysis nor loss of sensation. Animals from which these lobes have been removed continue to see, hear, touch, taste, smell, and move about just as usual. They generally, however, refuse to eat, and succumb rapidly. We are inclined to look upon these lobes as specially connected with the digestive tract, more especially the stomach and liver, and also with the reproductive organs; yet the symptoms of disease of these lobes are contradictory and perplexing, and our knowledge concerning them is as yet in its infancy.

The last and most important portion of

the hemispheres consists of the *anterior* or *frontal* lobes, which correspond to the forehead. They are the actual seat of the intellect. Injury or disease of these lobes does not cause any impairment of motion or sensation; and large portions of brain-matter have occasionally been lost through wounds in these parts without any very striking symptoms, such as paralysis, etc., following, more especially if the lesion was confined to one side. Patients have now and then recovered from the most fearful injuries to the anterior lobes, and yet been able to go about and to attend to the ordinary routine of certain occupations; but it has always been shown, on close examination, that there had been a profound change in the character and behavior of such persons, and that their temper and their mental and moral faculties had become deteriorated. In a very marked case of this kind, which occurred some years ago in a previously steady and clever workman, there was, after recovery from the injury, such a change in the mind of the man that his employers had to discharge him. The balance between his intellectual faculties and his animal propensities had evidently been destroyed. He had become capricious and vacillating, fitful, impatient, obstinate, and, as far as intellectual capacity was concerned, appeared to be a child, which, however, had the animal passions of a strong man. In consonance with such cases is Ferrier's experience with monkeys in whom he had destroyed these lobes. The animals did not appear to have lost the power of motion or sensation, but there was an alteration in their character. While previously to the operation they were actively interested in their surroundings, and pried into everything which came within their sphere, they had after it become dull and apathetic, readily dozed off to sleep, or wandered to and fro in a listless manner; so that it was evident that they had lost the faculty of attentive and intelligent observation.

The anterior lobes have therefore to be looked upon as the organic base of the highest intellectual and moral faculties. The principal part of the work done in life consists of certain movements or actions, which are the more or less immediate consequence of sensations and desires which we experience; but apart from the power of performing such actions, we possess the faculty of restraining or inhibiting them, in spite of being urged to their performance by sensations or desires. This inhibitory action is again

most intimately connected with the power of concentrating attention, without which none of the higher intellectual operations are possible. The anterior lobes are therefore inhibitory centres, intended for the highest kind of mental work and moral control. They are small in idiots and the lower animals, larger in monkeys, largest in man; and their peculiarly large and abundant development is found to coincide with the highest development of intellectual power.

It is probable that a special evolution of certain parts of these lobes will be found to coincide with the presence of certain special aptitudes and talents in individuals; but of this nothing definite is known, and there is in this direction an immense field still open for patient and intelligent inquiry.

JULIUS ALTHAUS.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT Markham Chase there had been great wonder and consternation at the sudden departure of the elders of the family. Bell had been called to her mother's room in the morning, and the morals of the house, so to speak, placed in her hands. She was thirteen, a great age, quite a woman. "Henry will help you, but he is careless, and he is always out. You will promise to be very careful and look after everything," Lady Markham had said. Bell, growing pale with the solemnity of this strange commission, gave her promise with paling cheek, and a great light of excitement in her eyes; and when they heard of it, the others were almost equally impressed. "There is something the matter with Paul," Bell said; and when the carriage drove away, the solemnity of the great house all to themselves made a still greater impression upon them. It is true that Mrs. Fry showed signs of thinking that she was the virtual head of the establishment, and Brown did not pay that deference to Bell's orders which she expected, as mamma's deputy, to receive; but still they all acknowledged the responsibility that lay upon them to conduct themselves better than girls and boys had ever conducted themselves before. The girls naturally felt this the most. They would not go out with their brothers, but stayed indoors

and occupied themselves with various rather grimy pieces of needlework begun on various occasions of penitence or bad weather. To complete them felt like a proper exercise for such an occasion; and Bell caused the door to be shut and all the windows in front of the house. She and Marie established themselves in the special sanctuary of their mother's — the west room; where, after a while, the work languished, and where the elder sister, with much sense of seniority and protection, pointed out all the pictures to Marie, and gave her their names. "That is me, when I was a baby," said Bell, "just below the Raffle."

"The raffle," said Marie, "I thought a raffle was a thing where you draw lots."

"So it is," said the elder with dignity, "but it is a man's name, too. It is pronounced a little different, and he was a very fine painter. You know," said the little instructress with great seriousness, "what the subject is, the beautiful lady and the little boy?"

"I know what they all are quite well," said Marie, impatient of so much superiority, "I have seen them just as often as you have. Mamma has told me hundreds of times. That's me, too, as well as you, underneath the big picture, and there's Alice, and that's papa — as if I didn't know!"

"How can you help knowing Alice and papa, any one can do that," said Bell, "but you don't know the landscapes. That one is painted by two people, and it is called Booth. At least, I suppose they both did a bit, as mamma does sometimes with Alice. There is some one ringing the bell at the hall door. Somebody must be coming to call. Will Brown say, 'My lady is not at home,' or will he say, 'The young ladies are at home,' as he does when Alice is here? Oh, there it is again. Can anything have happened? Either it is somebody who is in a great hurry, or it is a telegram, or — Marie, quick, run to the schoolroom and then we can see."

As they neared the hall they ran across Brown, who was advancing in a leisurely manner to open the door. "Young ladies," said Brown, "you should not scuttle about like that, frightening people. And I wonder who it was that shut the hall door?"

Bell made no reply, but ran out of the way, and they reached the schoolroom window in time to see what was going to happen. At the door stood some one waiting. "A little gentleman" in light-

colored clothes, with a large white umbrella. There was no carriage, which was one reason why Brown had taken his time in answering the bell. He would not, a person of his importance, have condescended to open the door at all but for a curiosity which had taken possession of him, a certainty in his mind that something of more than ordinary importance was going on in the family. The little gentleman who had rung the bell had walked up the avenue slowly, and had looked about him much. He had the air of being very much interested in the place.

At every opening in the trees he had paused to look, and when he came to the open space in front of the house, had stood still for some time with a glass in his eye examining it. He was very brown of hue, very spare and slim, exceedingly neat, and carefully dressed, though in clothes that were not quite like English clothes. They fitted him loosely, and they were of lighter material than gentlemen usually wear in England; but yet he was very well dressed. He had neat, small feet, most carefully *chaussés*; and he had carried his large white umbrella, lined with green, over his head as he approached the door. When Brown threw the great door open, he was startled to see this trim figure so near to him upon the highest step. He had put down his white umbrella, and he stood with a small card-case between his finger and thumb, as ready at once to proclaim himself who he was.

"Sir William Markham?" he asked. The little cardcase had been opened and the white edge of the card was visible in his hand.

"Not at home, sir," said Brown.

"Ah! that's your English way. I am not a novice, though you may think so," said the little gentleman. "Take in this card and you will see that he will be at home for me."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Brown. Though he had no objection to saying "not at home" when occasion demanded, he felt offended by being supposed to have done so, when his statement was true. "Master is not a gentleman that has himself denied when he is here. When I says 'Not at home,' I means it. Sir William left Markham to-day."

"Left to-day—that is very unlucky," said the stranger. He stood quite disconcerted for the moment, and gnawed the ends of his moustache, still with the card half extended between his finger

and thumb. "You are sure now," he added, in a conciliatory tone, "that it is not by way of getting rid of intruders. I am no intruder. I am—a relation."

"Very sorry, sir," said Brown; "if you were one of the family—if you were Mr. Markham himself, I couldn't say no different. Sir William, and my lady, and Miss Alice, they went to Oxford this morning by the early train."

"Mr. Markham—who is Mr. Markham?" he said, with a peculiar smile hovering about his mouth. "I am—a relation, but I have never been in England before, and I don't know much about the family. Is Mr. Markham a son, or brother—perhaps brother to Sir William?"

"The eldest son and heir, sir," said Brown, with dignity. "You'll see it in the 'Baronetage of England' all about him, 'Paul Reginald, born May 6, 18—.' He came of age this year."

The brown face of the stranger was full of varying expression while this was said—surprise, a half amusement, mingled with anger; emotions much too personal to be consistent with his ignorance of the family history. Strange, when he did not know anything about it, that he should be so much interested!

Brown eyed him very keenly, with natural suspicion, though he did not know what it was he suspected. The little gentleman had closed his card-case, but still held it in his hand.

"So," he said, "the heir; then perhaps he is at home?"

"There is nobody at home but the young ladies and the young gentlemen," said Brown, testily. "If any of the grown-up ones had been in the house or in the place, I'd have said so."

Brown felt himself the master when the heads of the family were away, and this sort of persistency did not please him.

"I'd like to see the young ladies and gentlemen," said the stranger. "I'd like to see the house. You seem unwilling to let me in, but I am equally unwilling to come such a long distance and then go away—"

"Well, sir," said Brown, embarrassed, "Markham Chase, though it's one of the finest places in the county, is not a show-place. I don't say but what the gardener would take a visitor round the gardens, and by the fish-pond, and that, when the family are away; but it has never been made a practice to show the house. And it cannot even be said at present that the family are away. They've gone on some

business as far as Oxford. They might be back, Sir William told me, in two days."

"My man!" said the stranger, "I can promise you your master will give you a good wiggling when he hears that you have sent me away."

"A good — what, sir?"

Brown grew red with indignation; but all the same a chill little doubt stole over him. This personage, who was so very sure of his welcome, might after all turn out to be a person whom he had no right to send away.

"I said a wiggling, my good man. Perhaps you don't understand that in England. We do in our place. Come," he said, drawing out the card, and with it a very palpable sovereign, "here's my name. You can see I'm no impostor. You had better let me see the house."

The card was a very highly glazed foreign-looking piece of pasteboard, and upon it was the name of Mr. Augustus Markham Gaveston, at full length, in old English characters. And now that Brown looked at him again, he seemed to see a certain likeness to Sir William in this pertinacious visitor. He was about the same height, his eyes were the same color, and there was something in the sound of his voice — Brown thought on the whole it would be best to pocket the indignity and the sovereign, and let the stranger have his way.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "Sir William didn't say nothing to me about expecting a relative, and I'm not one that likes to take liberties in the absence of the family; but if so be as your mind is set upon it, I think I may take it upon me to let you see the house."

"I thought we should understand each other, sooner or later," said the stranger with a smile. "Sir William could not tell you, for he did not know I was coming," he said, a moment afterwards, with a short laugh. "I've come from — a long way off, where people are not — much in the way of writing letters. Besides, it is so long since he's seen me, I dare say he has forgotten me, but the first glance at my card will bring it all back."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Brown. He had taken the sovereign, though not without doubts and compunctions, and now he felt himself half unwillingly bound to the service of the unknown personage. He admitted him into the hall with a momentary pang. "The house was built by the great-grandfather of the present baronet," he said. "This hall is considered

a great feature. The pillars were brought from Sicily; they're no imitation, like what you see in many places, but real marble. On the right is the dining-room, and on the left the drawing-room. There is a fine gallery which is only used for balls and so forth —"

"Ah — we'll take them in turn," said the little gentleman. He put down his big white umbrella, and shook himself free of several particles of dust which he perceived on his light coat. "I'll rest here a moment, thank you," he said, seating himself in the same big chair in which Colonel Lenny had fallen asleep. "This reminds me of where I've come from. I dare say Sir William brought it over. Now fetch me some iced water or seltzer, or cold punch if you've got such a thing. Before I start sight-seeing I'd like a little rest."

Brown stared with open mouth; his very voice died away in the blank wonder that filled him.

"Cold — punch!" he said.

The stranger laughed.

"Don't look so much like a boiled goose. I don't suppose you have cold punch. Get me some seltzer, as I say, or iced water. I don't suppose a man who has been anywhere where there's a sun can do without one of them. Oh, yes, there's a little sun in England now and then. Something to drink!" he added, in peremptory tones.

Brown, though he felt the monstrous folly of this order from a man who had never set foot in the house before, felt himself moving instinctively very promptly to obey. It was the strangest thing in the world, but he did it, leaving this stranger enthroned in the great chair of Indian bamboo.

Mr. Augustus Markham Gaveston, however, had no inclination to sleep. He sat sunk into the chair, rubbing his hands, looking about him with his little keen blue eyes.

"So this is Markham Chase," he said to himself.

His eyes shone with a mischievous, eager light. There was a little triumph in it, and some amusement. Though he was far from being a boy, a sort of boyish gleam of malicious pleasure was in his face, as if he had done something which he had not even intended or wished to do, and thus had stolen a march upon some one in authority. He pulled off his gloves in a leisurely way, finger by finger, and threw them into his hat, which he had placed at his feet. Then he rubbed

his hands again, as if ready for anything or everything.

"The dining-room to the right, the drawing-room to the left, and a fine gallery for balls and that sort of thing," he repeated, half under his breath.

The little girls had watched anxiously from the schoolroom window as long as there was anything to see. They had seen the little gentleman come in, which filled them with excitement. It was not a telegram, so there was nothing to be afraid of. Their hearts jumped with excitement and wonder. Who could it be?

"I ought to go and see what he wants," said Bell. "Mamma left the charge of the house to me."

"Oh, Bell—a strange gentleman—you would not know what to say to him, though it is only a little gentleman," said Marie.

"Oh yes, I know quite well. I shall ask him if he wants papa, and that I am so sorry there is no one at home; and could I tell papa any message—that is what Dolly Stainforth says—"

"She is seventeen," said Marie; "and you—you are only so little—he will laugh at you. Bell, don't go. Oh, I don't like to go—"

"He is little, too," said Bell. "You can stay away if you please, but I am going to see what it all means. Mamma left the charge to me."

Marie followed, shy, but curious.

"Oh, I wish the boys were here," she said.

"The boys!" cried Bell, with much contempt. "Who would pay any attention to them? But you need not come unless you like. Mamma left the charge to me."

Whether to be left alone, or to be dragged to the encounter to speak to a strange gentleman, Marie did not know which was worse. It was the first, however, which was most contrary to all her traditions. She scarcely remembered that such a thing had ever happened. So she followed, though ill at ease, holding a corner of Bell's frock between her fingers.

As for Bell, she had the courage of a lion. She walked quite boldly through all the passages, and never felt the slightest inclination to run away, till she suddenly caught a glimpse of two neat little feet, protruding from two lines of light trowsers, on the other side of the hall. Then she gave a start and a little cry, and clutched at Marie behind her, who was more frightened than she.

They stopped within the door, in a sudden *crisis* of fright. Nothing was visible but the grey trowsers, the little feet in light cloth boots, and two hands rubbing each other; all the rest of the stranger's person being sunk in the big chair.

When he heard this exclamation, he roused himself, and turned a wide-awake head in their direction.

"Ah! the young ladies!" he said. "How are you, my little dears? It is you I most want to see." And he held out to them the hands which had been seen rubbing themselves together so complacently a moment before.

"We are the Miss Markhams. We are never spoken to like that," said Bell. Then she collected all her courage for the sake of her duty. "I am the eldest," she said. "Papa and mamma are gone away, if you wanted to see them; but if you have any message you wish to leave—"

"Come here," he said. "I don't wish to leave any message. Don't be frightened. I want to make friends with you. Come here and talk to me. I am not a stranger. I am a—sort of a relation of yours."

"A relation?" said Bell. And as Brown's solemn step was heard advancing at this moment, the little girls advanced too. Brown carried a tray with a long glass upon it, a fat little bottle of seltzer water, and a large jug of claret-cup. Colonel Lenny had been very thirsty too when he fell asleep in that same chair, but he had not been served in this way. The little girls came forward, gravely interested, and watched with serious eyes while the little gentleman drank. He nodded at them before he lifted the glass to his lips, with a comical air.

"My name is Markham as well as yours," he said. "I've come a long way to make your acquaintance. This respectable person here—what do you call him, Brown?—wanted to send me away; but I hope now that you have come you will extend your protection to me, and not allow him to turn me away."

"Are you a cousin?" said Bell.

"Well—perhaps not exactly a cousin, and yet something of that sort."

"Are you one of the Underwood Markhams?" the little girl continued. "The people that nurse says would get Markham if we were all to die?"

"Those must be very disagreeable people, I think," said the stranger, with a smile.

"Oh, *dreadful*! They never come

here. Nurse says they were in such a way when we were all born. They thought papa was going to let them have it. As if it were not much more natural that Paul should have it! You are not one of those people, are you Mr. — Markham? Is that really your name?"

"I am not one of those people, and my name is Gus. What is yours? I want to know what to call you, and your little sister. And don't you think you had better take me to see the house?"

"Oh," cried Bell, looking more serious than ever; "but we could not call a gentleman, quite an old gentleman, like you, Gus."

"Do you think I am an old gentleman?" he said.

"Well, not perhaps such a very old gentleman," said Bell, hesitating.

Marie, trusting herself to speak for the first time, said in a half-whisper, —

"Oh, no — not very old; just about the same as papa."

The stranger burst into a laugh. This seemed to amuse him more than the humor of the speech justified.

"There is a difference," he said; "a slight difference. I am not so old as — papa."

"Do you know papa? Do you know any of them? You must have met them," said Bell, "if you are in society. Alice came out this year, and they went everywhere, and saw everybody, in society. Mamma told me so. Alice is the eldest," the little girl went on, pleased to enter into the fullest explanation as soon as she had got started. "That is, not the eldest of all, you know, but the eldest of the girls. She was at all the balls, and even went out to dinner! but then it is no wonder, she is eighteen, and quite as tall as mamma."

"Is she pretty?" said the gentleman.

He went on drinking glass after glass of the claret-cup, while Brown stood looking on, alarmed, yet respectful. ("Such a little fellow as that, I thought he'd bust hisself," Brown said.)

"She is not so pretty as mamma," said the little girl. "Everybody says mamma is beautiful. I am the one that is most like her," continued Bell, with naïve satisfaction. "There is a picture of her in the drawing-room; you can come and see."

"Miss Isabel," cried Brown, taking her aside. There was something important even in the fact of being taken aside to be expostulated with by Brown. "We don't know nothing about the gentleman, miss,"

said Brown. "I don't doubt that it is all right, still he mightn't be what he appears to be; and as it is me that is responsible to Sir William —"

"You need not trouble yourself about that, Brown," said Bell, promptly. "Mamma said I was to have the charge of everything. I shall take him in and show him the pictures and things. I will tell papa that it was me. But, Brown," she added in an undertone, certain doubts coming over her, "don't go away; come with us all the same. Marie might be frightened, and I should like you to come all the same."

Meantime the stranger had turned to Marie.

"Where do you come in the family?" he said. "Are there any younger than you?"

"No," said Marie, hanging her head. She was the shy one of the family. She gave little glances at him sidelong from under her eyelids; but edged a little further off when he spoke.

"Are you afraid? Do you think I would do you any harm?" said the little gentleman. "It is quite the other way. Do you know I have brought some sweetmeats over the sea, I can't tell you how far, expressly for you."

"For me!" Marie was fairly roused out of her apathy. "But you didn't know even our names till you came here."

"Ah! there's no telling how much I knew," said the stranger with a smile.

He had risen up, and he was not very formidable. Though he was not handsome, the smile on his face made it quite pleasant. And to have sweetmeats brought, as he said, all that way, expressly for *you*, was a very ingratiating circumstance. Marie tried to whisper this wonderful piece of information to Bell when her interview with Brown was over. But Bell had returned to all her dignity of (temporary) head of the house.

"If you will follow me," she said, trying to look, her sister said afterwards, as if she was in long dresses, and putting on an air of portentous importance, "we will take you to see the house. Brown, you can come with us and open the doors."

The visitor laughed. He was very little taller than Bell, as she swept on with dignity at the head of the procession. Brown, not quite satisfied to have his rôle taken out of his hands, yet unwilling to leave the children in unknown company, and a little curious himself, and desirous to see what was going on, followed with some perturbation. And there never

was a housekeeper more grandiose in description than Bell proved herself, or more eloquently confused in her dates and details. They went over all the house, even into the bedrooms, for the stranger's curiosity was inexhaustible. He learned all sorts of particulars about the family, lingering over every picture and every chamber. When the boys came in, calling loudly for their sisters, he put his glass in his eye and examined them as they rushed up the great staircase, where a whispered, but quite audible, consultation took place.

"I say, we want our dinner," cried Harry. "We're after a wasp's nest down in the Brentwood Hollow, and if you don't make haste, you lose all the fun."

"Oh, a wasp's nest!" cried Bell; "but we can't—we can't, for here is a gentleman who says he is a relation, and we're showing him over the house."

"Such a funny little gentleman," said Marie, "and he says he's got some sweetmeats (what does one mean by sweetmeats?) for me."

"I don't care for your gentleman; I want my dinner," cried Harry, whose boots were all over mud from the Brentwood swamp.

They both brought in a whiff of fresh air, like a fresh breeze, into the stately house.

"Miss Isabel," said Brown, coming forward, and speaking in a stage whisper, while the stranger, with his glass in his eye, calmly contemplated all these comings from above, "if the gentleman is really a relation, I don't think my lady would mind if you asked him to stay lunch."

To stay lunch! This took away the children's breath.

"It is a bore to have a man when he doesn't belong to you," said Roland.

"He looks a queer little beggar," said Harry. "I don't think I like the looks of him."

"But he is quite nice," said the little girls in a breath.

Then Bell suddenly gave a lamentable cry,—

"Oh, you boys, it is no use even thinking of the wasp's nest. We have all got to go to the rectory to the school-feast."

This calamity put the little gentleman out of their heads. The boys resisted wildly, but the girls began to think better of it, arguing that it was a party, though only a parish party. The introduction of this subject delayed the decision of the

question about lunch, until at last a violent appeal from Harry,—

"I say, Brown! *can't* we have our dinner?" brought about a crisis.

"You go and ask *him* to come, Harry," said Bell, seized with an access of shyness, and pushing her brother forward. "You are the biggest."

"Ask him yourself," cried the boy.

This difficult question, however, was solved by the little gentleman himself, who came forward, still with his glass in his eye.

"My dear children," he said, "don't give yourselves any trouble. I am very hungry, and when Mr. Brown is so kind as to give you your dinner, I will share it with great pleasure. ("Cheeky little brute—I don't like the looks of him," said Harry to Roland. "But it was plucky of him all the same," said Roland to Harry.) Allow me to offer Miss Markham my arm," the stranger added.

To see Bell color up, look round at them all in alarm, then put on a grand air, and accept the little gentleman's arm, was, all the children thought, as good as a play. They followed in convulsions of suppressed laughter, the boys pretending to escort each other, while Marie did her best to subdue them.

"Oh, boys, boys! when you know mamma says we are never to laugh at people," cried this small authority.

But the meal thus prepared for was very successful, and the young Markhams speedily became quite intimate with their visitor. He told them he was going to stay in the village, and Harry and Roland immediately made him free of the woods. And he asked them a thousand questions about everybody and everything, from their father and mother, to the school-feast where they were going; but except the fact that he was staying in the village, he gave them no information about himself. This Brown noted keenly, who, though not disposed to trouble himself usually with a schoolroom dinner, condescended to conduct the service on this occasion by keeping both ears and eyes in very lively exercise. Brown felt sure, with the instinct of an old servant, that something was about to happen in the family, and he would not lose an opportunity of making his observations. The stranger remained until the children had got ready for their engagement, and walked with them to the village, still asking questions about everything. They

had fallen quite easily into calling him Mr. Gus.

"For I am Markham as well as you," he said; "there would be no distinction in that;" which was another source of anxiety and alarm to Brown, who knew that on the visitor's card there was another name.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gus, good-bye!" the children cried at the rectory gate.

The village inn was further on, and Mr. Gus lingered with perfectly open and unaffected curiosity to look at the fine people who were getting out of their carriages at this gate.

"We will tell papa your message," said Bell, turning round for a last word; "and remember you are to come again when they come home."

"Never fear; you will see plenty of me before all is done," he said; and so went on into the village, waving his hand to them, with his big white umbrella over his head.

All the girls and boys who were coming to the school-feast, stopped to look at him with wondering eyes. He was very unlike the ordinary Englishman as seen in Markham Royal. But the little Markhams themselves had now no doubt that he was a relation, for his walk, they all agreed, was exactly like papa.

From The Fortnightly Review.

BUDDHA'S FIRST SERMON.

THE Buddha's first sermon is especially worthy of attention from the fact that it presents to us in a few short and pithy sentences the very essence of that remarkable system which has had so profound an influence on the religious history of so large a portion of the human race. And it is the more noteworthy since the scheme of salvation which it propounds, the kingdom of righteousness of which it is called the foundation, are supported by none of those conceptions which underlie the teachings of other religious founders, are entirely independent of the belief in a soul, of the belief in God, and of the belief in a future life.

The first sermon occupies among the Buddhists a position similar to that held among the Christians by the Sermon on the Mount, and the day on which it was delivered is as sacred in the Buddhist Church as the Day of Pentecost in most of the Churches of Christendom. It is somewhat strange, therefore, that so little

stress has been laid upon "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness" by writers on Buddhism. But the reason is not far to seek. A mere translation of the sermon would be scarcely intelligible without an elaborate commentary; and it is a most difficult task to give a clear and simple account of a system so utterly foreign to the habitual conceptions and modes of thought of Western minds. If in my present endeavor to make a dark subject plain, I seem to dwell too long on more familiar topics, and to keep the reader too long from the sermon itself, I can only hope that the end will, in some measure, justify the means.

Buddhism is often described as a philosophy rather than a religion; and a pessimist view of life is generally supposed to underlie its philosophy. It is somewhat difficult to tell what the word "pessimist" means in popular phraseology, so different and so contradictory are the vague, inaccurate meanings in which it is often used. It is most generally, perhaps, intended either to brand the man who is everlastingly complaining, and whose mental vision is blind to everything but misfortune and disaster; or to express contempt for the man whose weak heart takes fright at the ills of life, who thinks that all is evil and must remain evil, and who gives up in despair instead of trying manfully to take up arms against the sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. It is no wonder that so one-sided a view, so unworthy a character should be unpopular; and pessimism will scarcely obtain a hearing until it succeeds in removing the misconceptions involved in, and sustained by, such applications of the term.

Neither the great Indian thinker and reformer, nor the modern advocates of pessimism, have advanced any such views as are thus stigmatized with what has become an opprobrious epithet. Their pessimism is confined to the answer which they give to the question, "Is life worth having?"—a question which they answer from two points of view. First, that of life in general, the sum total of existence; secondly, that of life in particular, the life of the individual. On the first point pessimism is a denial of the Christian doctrine that if we rightly consider all things that have been made, we must conclude, in the words of the first chapter of Genesis, "Behold, it is very good." If a pessimist be an adherent to the theory of a personal First Cause, he

would deny that the Creator could at the same time have been both omnipotent and benevolent; and in any case he would maintain that the sum of the happiness of all creatures is in part outbalanced by the sum of their misery. It is this opinion, whether true or false, to which the term pessimist is by some writers strictly confined; but it may, I think, be fairly applied also to the corresponding opinion on the second point, so closely do the two questions depend upon each other.

On this second point the pessimist would answer, that the sum of the happiness enjoyed by each individual is far outbalanced by the sum of the troubles and evils and sorrows to which he is subject. To form a correct judgment on this question it is necessary to look away from one's own case, to think of the thousand millions of the toiling multitudes who spend lives of poverty and labor, and to try to answer from an impartial point of view whether, for them, life is really a thing they would have chosen had they had the choice?

To this question, as to the last, it is not intended here to offer any reply. I would only point out that a pessimist, in the stricter sense of the term, need not give to it a negative reply; and that any answer that can be given is purely a matter of speculative inquiry, and has but little bearing on practical life. For whatever the answer to it may be, one thing is abundantly clear, and must be granted by optimist and pessimist alike—and that is, that whether life be worth having or not, whether a wise man ought or ought not to have chosen it, had he had the choice, life at all events we have, the choice has not been given us, and the only right thing for each of us to do, our bounden duty to ourselves and to humanity, is, here and now, wisely and manfully, to make the best of it.

As discussions on pessimism are too often vitiated by an ignorance of what is the real question at issue, so discussions on the future life are too often vitiated by a neglect of the curious history of the doctrine. It is impossible to estimate rightly the value and significance of the modern Christian belief on the subject without understanding the long history of which that belief is only one of the latest phases. It was a long time before men believed in a future life at all, and even now it is by no means universal. It was longer still before some began to believe in an endless life hereafter, and to make a distinction between heaven and hell.

In later times the belief became general that heaven was the reward that the good might look to as their compensation for the unjust distribution here of happiness and woe. In our own time the inheritors of these beliefs have sought to defend their hopes of heaven, and to justify their views of hell, by new modifications of the older theories. An orthodox Dissenter attempts to prove that eternal life begins with faith in Christ, and that the unbelieving are doomed not to punishment, but to death. A clergyman, who claims to be orthodox, attempts to rob of its sting the horrible doctrine of hell by promising the unconverted, not, indeed, exemption from punishment, but the hope of penitence and pardon; and an earnest and eloquent Comtist attempts the task of infusing an entirely new meaning into words by which the ancient creed was expressed. But those who have made themselves free from the inherited beliefs, and who attempt to come to some conclusion on the scanty evidence at their command, either cherish a vague and lingering hope (as John Mill did in his later years), or feel that the evidence is insufficient even for that.

Now on the question of future life, opinion had reached in India, in the fifth century before Christ, a similar stage to that we have now reached here in the West. The affirmative doctrine had had a similar history, and was, in some form or other, universally held by all except a few of the most advanced materialists; while its defenders put forward regarding it views as various as the many modifications of the doctrine now taught among ourselves. On the two pessimist questions as to the value of life, the Indians were already somewhat more advanced than Europeans now—whether more accurate or not it is not necessary to consider—for pessimists were in as great a majority there as they are now in a minority here.

It was then that there arose the mightiest thinker India has produced, and one of the greatest and most original thinkers on moral and religious questions whom the world has yet seen, and he propounded a scheme of salvation without any of the rites, any of the ceremonies, any of the charms, any of the various creeds, any of the priestly powers, without even any of the gods in whom men so love to trust. This, at least, is a service which may explain, if it cannot justify, the blind idolatry with which he was subsequently regarded, and by which his teachings were

overshadowed and destroyed. But the Buddha had his answer, too, to the questions we have now been discussing, and it will be for the reader to judge to-day whether that particular and positive part of his system was as original and as far-reaching as the negative side of it undoubtedly was.

The importance which he at least attached to his answer may be estimated not only from the fact that it formed the subject alike of his first and of his last discourse, but from the name which he gave to its fundamental ideas—the four noble truths and the noble eightfold path.

The sermon is preserved to us in the Pāli text of the Buddhist Pitakas in the so-called Sūtra of the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness,* and is certainly among the very oldest records of the Buddhist belief. The following is a literal translation:—

There are two extremes [said the Buddha] which the man who has devoted himself to the higher life ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality (a low and Pagan † way of seeking gratification, unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly minded); and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism [or self-mortification], which is not only painful, but as unworthy and unprofitable as the other.

But the Tathāgata ‡ has discovered a Middle Path, which avoids these two extremities, a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment—in a word, to Nirvāna. And this path is the Noble Eightfold Path of

Right views,	A harmless livelihood,
High aims,	Perseverance in well-doing,
Kindly speech,	Intellectual activity, and
Upright conduct,	Earnest thought.

And here I would pause a moment to observe how strange a fact it is that such a scheme of salvation should have been deliberately propounded at all at so early a period in the history of our race; how almost incredible and how painful a fact it is that after having been once widely accepted and eagerly followed, it was yet overshadowed, smothered, lost, and

chiefly through the very love and adoration which were felt towards its propounder. A similar fate attended the Buddha's kingdom of righteousness as attended that new and strange kingdom of heaven founded afterwards in Galilee—a brief period of splendid though limited success, and then many centuries of battling creeds and bitter dogmas, religious persecutions, pious legends, and vain idolatries; the sky filled with myriads of semi-deities, the hollow creations of a sickly imagination; the teacher deified, his teaching forgotten; and at last the lowest depth—a return in the very monasteries of his religion to the “low, pagan, and unworthy extremes” of sensuality on the one hand, or self-torture on the other.

It is true that through the centuries of its decline, the kingdom of righteousness, like the later kingdom of heaven, has not been without its mighty kings and faithful subjects; it has been the source of the support of all that is good within its realm, and its history is not yet done. But it is necessary to realize how little mankind were prepared to receive it, and how grievously, on the whole, they misunderstood it, in order to realize how far it was raised above the ordinary grasp of average men, and how truly it deserves its name of the noble path.

But to return to our sermon and to a more recondite and metaphysical part of it, the way in which it attempted to sum up all the conditions which are productive of sorrow.

Birth [said the teacher] is attended with pain; and so are decay and disease and death. Union with the unpleasant is painful, and separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied is a condition of sorrow. Now all this amounts, in short, to this, that wherever there are the conditions of individuality, there are the conditions of sorrow. This is the First Truth, the truth about sorrow.

The cause of sorrow is the thirst or craving which causes the renewal of individual existence, is accompanied by evil, and is ever seeking satisfaction, now here, now there—that is to say, the craving either for sensual gratifications, or for continued existence, or for the cessation of existence. This is the Noble Truth concerning the origin of sorrow.

Deliverance from sorrow is the complete destruction, the laying aside, the getting rid of, the being free from, the harboring no longer of this passionate craving. This is the Noble Truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

The path which leads to the destruction of sorrow is this Noble Eightfold Path alone—that is to say, right views, high aims, kindly speech, upright conduct, a harmless livelihood,

* The Dhamma-cakka-pavattana Sutta of the Anguttara Nikāya in the Sutta Pitaka; found also in its proper context at the commencement of the Mahā Vagga of the Vinaya Pitaka. On the Sanscrit version see Léon Feer in the *Journal Asiatique*, vol. xv., pp. 364-366.

† *Gama*, a word of the same meaning and the same derivation as our word pagan.

‡ That is, the Buddha. He is so called as being the successor and imitator of the many previous Buddhas.

perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought. This is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the destruction of sorrow.

There followed a few words of personal explanation, but here the real sermon was, in fact, ended; so that it had at least a merit often accounted great in sermons—that of brevity. In this respect I shall try to imitate it while explaining the deeper meaning of these pregnant sentences. For, as in all such cases, a mere translation into English words is quite inadequate to convey the ideas expressed in the original. Where the conditions of individuality are there is sorrow, is the summing up of the first truth. Now sorrow is a word easy enough, too easy, to understand; but behind the expression individuality, lies a fuller meaning than is at the first sight apparent.

Let us picture to ourselves a river, deep and rapid, hurrying on its course through and past a bridge. A man standing on the bridge will see, as the water whirls along past the buttresses or pillars of the bridge, that eddies form and bubbles take shape. For a moment they seem to have a separate existence, they move hither and thither as though endowed with life. But almost immediately they are seen, as people say, to burst; the thin film which gave them their individuality is dissolved, and they have a separate existence no longer.

Or let us imagine ourselves on the battlements of some hill fortress watching a horseman as he urges his horse far below over the distant plain. The driver is full of the consciousness of his individuality, and the horse seems to scorn the earth from which it thinks itself so separate. But to the watchman above horse and driver seem to crawl along the ground which it is beyond their power to leave; they seem to be as much a part of the great earth as the horse's mane, waving in the wind, is a part of the horse itself.

And the watchman, according to Buddhism, is right. Never for one moment do men escape beyond the influence of the rest of existence which is ever drawing them back into itself. For a brief interval, and by a great effort, they may resist the force of gravitation; and so also for a brief period, by a continual effort, they may resist the powers of the great non-self in the midst of which they live and move and have their being. But each effort leaves them weaker for the next. Before long the dream, the struggle of life will be over; the thin film

which separates them, which gives them individuality, will dissolve, and, like the bubble in the river, they will fall back into the great permanent stream of existence, and as separate entities their place will know them no more.

Now it is the effort, the struggle necessary to maintain individuality which, according to the Buddha, is the essence of sorrow; and the conditions of this individuality are the conditions also of sorrow. At birth, at the starting into life of the individual, there is a mighty effort; nature is arrayed, as it were, against itself, and there follows a pain, severe because the effort is severe. With a bound and a leap, full of the strength born with the pain, the individual starts along his course. But the new strength soon flags and becomes exhausted. To maintain itself as a separate being, the effort must be continually maintained; but the effort is pain—the pain of decay—and dies out at length in its last flicker in the pain of death. And in its course from birth to death, whenever the individuality, the separateness, is brought most distinctly into play (in the severance from what it loves, for instance, or in the union with what it hates), there, with the assertion of the individuality, is found also the production of pain. This is the first noble truth, the truth about sorrow.

I can scarcely ask the reader to acknowledge the accuracy of a theory which must be so new to him and so strange. But it is surely not premature to claim for it the credit of being a bold and most original attempt to deal earnestly with perhaps the greatest problem that the human mind has ever grappled with, and to maintain that it contains at least a great amount of truth.

The second truth carries the argument somewhat farther. These being the conditions of sorrow, what is its cause? Its cause, says the teacher, is a strange and almost irresistible craving felt by every individual—a craving it seeks to gratify in various ways, but especially in the lust of the flesh, or the lust of life, or the attempt to escape from the consequences of its separation.

The protest against sensuality is common to all religions and all philosophies, and the universal existence of this first form of the craving will not be disputed. On the second point a few words of comment are necessary. The protest against the craving for existence includes the desire for that future life of which we have been speaking. And necessarily so,

for what can future life be unless it is a continuation of individuality? Without that no future life is conceivable. Even in the very highest heaven of heavens the individual must be separate, finite, conscious, or its life would cease. If finite, how will it maintain itself against the infinite without the effort which there, as here, will show itself in pain? If finite, how can it be otherwise than ignorant? But if ignorant, capable of error, and liable therefore to the fruits of error, painful here and painful also there. No future life, in short, is possible without just those conditions which are inseparable from sorrow, and the craving for continued existence will be a hindrance, not a help, on the only path to the only true salvation.

The third protest is directed against the doctrine, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." "If you have so far accepted my system," a Buddhist teacher would say, "as to have discarded the current pagan notions of a soul, cast not therefore all scruples to the winds, devote not yourself therefore to the gratification of your baser capabilities. This would indeed be to escape one evil only to fall into a greater. You must get rid, indeed, of the delusions regarding your individuality, but it would be as vain to attempt now to escape from that individuality itself as it would be wrong to attempt to escape from its responsibilities. And it is only the base and cowardly whom the struggle against the lust of life, or the sense of the evils of existence, can drive to suicide or to despair." The only true corollary from the second truth is the third. You must conquer the evils of life, which are due to this strange but undeniable craving, by the destruction of the craving from which they spring. And this is to be done in no other way than that laid down by the fourth truth—the cultivation, namely, of the opposite condition of mind, of the equanimity that will result from kindness, from self-culture, and from self-control.

With the noble eightfold path the argument begins, and with it the argument closes. It is at once the foundation and the top stone of the stately bridge which the great teacher tried to build over the mysteries and sorrows of life. The eight divisions of the noble path contain the answers which he would give to the deepest questions that theologians have raised, and they are the description in detail of the only salvation that in his opinion is worth contending for—this middle path of intelligent self-culture

which he declares "will open the eyes and bestow understanding, will lead to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to complete enlightenment—in a word, to *nirvāna*."

We are thus brought to the question of *nirvāna*; and I should not be doing justice to the subject before us if I passed the question by. I purpose therefore, as clearly and shortly as I can, to explain what is meant in the earliest Buddhist writings by this goal to which the noble path will lead, the highest aim for every wise and earnest man to seek. But before doing so, it is right to let the reader know that he will not have to grapple with any deep and difficult metaphysical reasoning. He will already have climbed the hill in mastering the doctrine of individuality, and, having mastered that, will have only to make a comparatively easy descent on the other side.

Every one, according to the Buddha, ought to be walking along the noble path; but the entrance is narrow and the path is long. There are lions, too, in the path, and few are they who conquer all its difficulties and reach the end of it. The chief of these difficulties are ten in number, and are called the ten fetters or hindrances.

These are, firstly, the delusion of self; and it is instructive to find that this is made the first of the series, the very entrance to the noble path. So long as a man is wholly occupied with himself, chasing after every bauble that he vainly thinks will satisfy the cravings of his heart, there is no noble path for him. Only when his eyes have been opened to the fact that he is but a tiny part of a measureless whole, only when he begins to realize how impermanent a thing is his temporary individuality, has he even entered upon the narrow path. After what has been said above, the meaning of this first fetter will be easy to grasp.

The second fetter is doubt, indecision. When a man's eyes are opened to the great mystery of existence, the impermanence of every individuality, he must make up his mind to follow the teacher, to accept the truth, and to enter on the struggle, or he will get no farther.

The third fetter is dependence on the efficacy of rites and ceremonies. No good resolutions, however firm, will lead to anything unless a man gets rid of the low, pagan, and degrading error of ritualism; of the belief that any outward acts, any priestly powers, any holy ceremonies, can afford him any assistance of any kind.

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It is scarcely surprising to find this doctrine so close to the entrance of the Buddha's noble path, but it is interesting to learn the curious fact that it is under this fetter that the modern Buddhist ranks all those representations of Christianity that have been urged upon his acceptance by missionaries of different schools. When he has broken this fetter, and not till then, a man has reached the state of conversion, he has fairly "entered upon the stream," and sooner or later he will win the victory.

The next fetter consists of the bodily passions, and the fifth is ill-will towards other individuals. With the long battle against the powerful temptations of these great foes to progress, two entire stages of the path are occupied, and to have conquered them is to have reached the fruit of the third stage of the noble path.

Then begins the acquisition of what is called the highest fruit, the result of the breaking of the last remaining fetters: first the suppression of the desire for a future life with a material body, and next of the desire for a future life in an immaterial world. By the first of these the hope and belief of the early Christians is anticipated, and its wisdom denied; by the second a modification of that early belief often held by modern Christians is equally repudiated and condemned.

The next on the list are pride and self-righteousness. These are the last fetters but one to be broken — the temptations to which the most advanced are the most liable; the failings which, with one exception, it is most difficult for men to conquer, and to which superior minds are peculiarly liable — a Pharisaical contempt for those who are less able and less holy than themselves.

Lastly (and the fact is again most instructive and most interesting) is placed the fetter of ignorance. When all else has been conquered this will ever remain, the thorn in the flesh of the wise and good, the last enemy and the bitterest foe of man.

Of course the order in which the fetters are given is not intended as an actual representation of the order in which a man always conquers his weaknesses and errors; but it is an attempt in a general way to suggest the course the Buddhist must pursue, and to compare with one another the difficulties with which he will meet in his progress along the noble path. As the eight divisions of the path show the qualities of mind he should sedulously cultivate, so the ten fetters show the

temptations he should most earnestly contend against. From the two combined the reader will be able to gather a very accurate idea of the state of mind called in Buddhist writings *arahaṭship*, or the fruit of the noble eightfold path. It would be easy to fill pages with the awe-struck and ecstatic praise lavished in Buddhist writings on the condition of mind in which this state has been fully reached, the state of a man made perfect according to the Buddhist faith, when the noble path has been traversed and all the fetters broken; but everything that could be said is implied in the word by which this state of mind is designated, the word *nirvāṇa*.

There have been many mystic and long-drawn discussions as to whether *Nirvāṇa* means the annihilation of the soul, or an eternal existence of the soul in a state of trance. It can mean neither, for the simple reason that the Buddha did not teach the existence of any soul at all in the Christian sense; and the confusion which gave rise to these varied interpretations was entirely in the minds of the interpreters. They took for granted that the *summum bonum* must be in a future life. That any one could seek for a salvation to be perfected here, on earth, did not occur to them. That the highest aim of man could be considered to consist only of an inward subjective change, during this life, was an idea so strange that it was beyond the grasp of those who were accustomed to think the highest happiness could only be obtained in heaven, when all the *outward* conditions of men's existence would be changed. When they were told, therefore, that the Buddhist salvation was *nirvāṇa*, they not unnaturally presumed it to be some sort of future life; and in attempting to apply to a future life and to a soul expressions meant to apply to a state of mind to be reached here on earth, and used by thinkers whose system was independent of the idea of soul, they inevitably fell into those curious errors and misconceptions which make their discussions of *nirvāṇa* as wearisome as they are unreliable.* These misconceptions might, perhaps, have been avoided had the disputants gone to the original Pāli texts, instead of to second-hand authorities; but probably such er-

* The etymology and meaning of the word *nirvāṇa* play a great part in the discussions referred to; but *nirvāṇa*, of course, for the reason stated, cannot be the "going out" of the soul: it is the going out in the heart of the three fires of lust, anger, and delusion, and of the craving from which they arise.

rors are inevitable whenever two systems, whose elementary principles are so radically opposed, come first into contact.

The fact is, that in spite of the general belief to the contrary, Christianity is at heart more pessimist even than Buddhism. To the majority of average Christians this world is a place of probation, a vale of tears, though its tears will be wiped away and its sorrows changed into unutterable joy in a better world beyond. To the Buddhist such hopes seem to be without foundation, to indulge in them is only possible to the foolish and the ignorant; while thus to despair of the present life, thus to postpone the highest fruit of salvation to a world beyond the grave, is base, unworthy, and unwise. Here and now, according to the Buddhist, we are to seek salvation, and to seek it in "right views and high aims, kindly speech and upright behavior, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought."

One question remains which ought to be cleared up. Has then the Buddhist salvation, the salvation of a religion which once counted among its adherents half the human race, and which has even now more followers than the Roman Church, the Greek Church, and all other sects of Christians put together — was this a salvation without any reference at all to God? Strange as it may seem, it was so. Doubtless the doctrine would have changed, certainly its expression would have changed, had it been formulated in modern times, and in the West, where the faith in one God has driven out the faith in many. But the popular gods of India — as numerous and as varied in character as their relations, the gods of Greece and Rome — seemed to the Buddha to form no exception to his rules. They were liable to all the evils inseparable from individuality. Their characters were such that they themselves stood in need of salvation, and to salvation the only way, for men and gods alike, was along the noble eightfold path. Hindu thinkers, indeed, before the time of Buddha had evolved a unity out of the many popular impersonations of the forces of nature, had postulated under various names a primeval being of whom all the other gods, and all men, and all matter were but the sportive and temporary manifestations. But this belief was still confined to the schools, and the Buddha denied the cogency of the arguments by which it was supported. He only regarded the newer and purer divinities, born of Hindu philosophy, as more

well-meaning and more powerful than the gods of the multitude. But they were alike liable to error, dazed with the delusion of individuality, and in need of salvation; and the *arahat*, the man who had reached nirvāna here on earth, was, in spite of his lesser material advantages, in spite of his less favorable outward conditions, better, and wiser, and greater than they. This was one of the most important tenets of early Buddhism, and very fairly represents the position which the gods have always occupied in the varying creeds of Buddhist believers. We find it not only in the earlier books, but in later and popular representations of Buddhist belief; and I annex a curious story from the Jātaka Book as evidence of the form which this belief had afterwards adopted among average Buddhists in India.

But to return now from this theological digression to our sermon. Without attempting to estimate its value as a permanent solution of the questions with which this paper opened, it may fairly be contended that it marked a great advance on the systems of salvation supported by its principal opponents in India, and that some of its most essential doctrines are not without their value even now. But its chief value, after all, is historical. It shows us that in India, as elsewhere, after the belief in many gods had given rise to the belief in one, there arose a school to whom theological questions had lost their interest, and who sought for a new solution of the questions to which theology had given inconsistent answers in a new system in which man was to work out his own salvation. In this respect the resemblance, which Mr. Frederick Pollock has pointed out, between nirvāna and the teaching of the Stoics, has a peculiar interest; and their place in the progress of thought may help us to understand how it is that there is so much in common between the agnostic philosopher of India, and some of the newest schools in France, in Germany, and among ourselves.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

ON TRUE DIVINITY.

LONG ago Brahma-datta was king in Benares, in the land of Kasi. At that time the Bodhisatwa was conceived in the womb of his chief queen, and on the naming-day they called him Prince Mahingsāsa. When he could run alone, another son was born to the king, whom they called the Moon Prince. And when

he could run alone the mother of the Bodhisatwa died, and the king appointed another lady to be chief queen. She became very near and dear to the king, and in due course she had a son, whom they called the Sun Prince. When the king saw his son, he said in his delight, "My love, for this son I will give you whatever you ask!" But the queen postponed her choice to some more suitable time, and so kept the gift in reserve.

And when her son had grown up, she said to the king, "Your majesty, on the day my son was born, offered me anything I would ask. Give me the kingdom for my son!"

"My two sons," said the king, "are glorious as pillars of fire! I cannot give your son the kingdom." And he refused her. But when he found her beseeching him again and again, he thought, "This woman may devise some mischief against the boys." And sending for his sons he said to them, "My children, when the Sun Prince was born I pledged myself to grant a boon; and now his mother is demanding the kingdom for him. I am not willing to grant this; but womankind is cruel — she may plot some evil against you. Do you retire into the forest, and when I am dead, rule over this city, our family's hereditary right." Thus weeping, and lamenting, and kissing their foreheads, he dismissed them.

Now the Sun Prince himself was playing in the palace yard, and saw them descending from the palace after taking leave of the king, and perceiving how the matter stood, he said to himself, "I, too, will go with my brothers," and went away with them.

They entered the Himalaya Mountains, and the Bodhisatwa, leaving the path, sat down at the foot of a tree, and said to the Sun Prince, "Dear Sun, go to yonder pond, and first bathe and drink yourself, and then bring us too some water in the leaves of the lotus plant."

Now that tank had been granted to a water-sprite by Wessawana (the king of the bad fairies), Wessawana saying to him, "All those who go down into this pond, save only those who understand divinity, are your prey; but you have no power over those who do not enter the water." Thenceforward the evil genius asked all those who went down into the water what were the divine beings, and devoured those who did not know.

Now the Sun Prince went to the tank, and without hesitation descended into the water. And the evil genius seized him,

and asked him, "Do you know what beings are divine?"

"The gods," said he, "are the sun and the moon."

"You don't know divinity!" was the reply; and dragging him down, he put him in his cave.

The Bodhisatwa, finding that the Sun Prince delayed, sent the Moon Prince. The evil genius seized him, and asked him, "Do you know what beings are divine?"

"Certainly I do! The divine being is the far-spreading sky,"* answered he.

"You don't know divinity," said the genius; and seizing on him too, put him in the same place.

And when he, too, delayed, the Bodhisatwa, thinking some accident must have happened, went there himself. Seeing the mark of both their footsteps, as they had gone down, he was convinced that the pond must be haunted by a demon, and took his stand with girded sword and bow in hand. The water-sprite, seeing that the Bodhisatwa did not enter the water, took the form of a woodman, and said to him, "Well, my man, you seem tired with your journey. Why don't you get into the pond, and bathe, and quench your thirst, and then go on merrily eating the edible stalks of the water-lilies?"

When the Bodhisatwa saw him, he knew "this must be the demon," and he called out, "It is you who have seized my brothers!"

"Certainly, it is I!"

"What for?"

"I have been granted all who go down into the pond."

"What, all!"

"All, save only those who know theology."

"And is, then, theology any good to you?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, if so, I will teach you divinity."

"Speak, then, and I shall hear who have the nature of gods."

"I would tell you who they are," said the Bodhisatwa, "but I am all unclean."

Then the demon bathed the Bodhisatwa, and gave him food, and brought him water, and decked him with flowers, and anointed him with perfumes, and spread a seat for him in a beautiful bower. The Bodhisatwa seated himself with the demon at his feet, and saying, "Give ear, then,

* Literally "the four directions." The elder of the lads is more advanced in his theology.

attentively, and hear who it is that have the real attributes of gods," he uttered this stanza:—

Pure men, and modest, kind and upright men,
These are the so-called divine beings in the world.

The genius, when he had heard the discourse, was converted, and said, "Oh, pundit, I have received peace through you! I will give you one of your brothers; which shall I bring?"

"Bring the younger."

"Pundit, you know all theology, but you act not up to it."

"Why so?"

"Because in passing over the elder, and telling me bring the younger, you do not pay the honor due to seniority."

"I both know theology, O demon, and walk according to it. It is on his account that we came to this forest. For him his mother begged of our father the kingdom, and our father, unwilling to grant the boon, permitted us for our own safety this life in the forest. That lad came here all the way with us. Should I now say, 'A demon has eaten him in the wilderness,' who would believe it? Therefore is it that I, fearing reproach, tell you to bring *him*."

"You speak well, teacher, most well! You not only know theology, but walk according to it," said the water-sprite, honoring the Bodhisatwa with believing heart; and he brought his two brothers and gave them over to him.

Then the Bodhisatwa said to him, "Friend, it is by the evil you have done in a former birth that you are born as a demon, feeding on the flesh and blood of others. Yet now you still sin. This your sin will prevent your being saved from hell. Henceforth, therefore, put away sin, and do good." And he succeeded in subduing him.

After converting the demon, he continued to dwell in that very spot, under his protection, until, one day, when observing the stars, he found out that his father had died. Then, taking the water-sprite with him, he returned to Benares and assumed the sovereignty, and appointed the Moon Prince heir-apparent, and the Sun Prince commander of the forces. And for the sprite he had a residence prepared in a pleasant spot, and made arrangements so that he should get the best flowers and food supplied to him. And ruling the kingdom in righteousness, he passed away according to his deeds.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

I.

JOHN WEST SETS OUT ON HIS TRAVELS.

THE good ship "Marie Hamilton," an Aberdeen clipper, seven hundred tons' burthen, bound for Sydney, is forging her way down the Channel with a fair wind in her topsails. The pilot has gone on shore, and with his departure the last adieu to England has been spoken. The green slopes of Sussex are sinking over the quarter. Beachy is already behind; and if the passengers can catch the Needles before nightfall, they will have had their last look of their fatherland. Most of them are too full of the parting to speak much. Remembrances of friends left behind crowd their memories, and the receding shores give a point to the poignancy of their parting regrets. To-morrow it will be different, when there is only the wide sea to greet the eye on coming on deck. Then men's minds must turn perforce to the new land whither fortune has beckoned them with smiles that, in too many cases, may turn out to have been delusive. Then the life of the voyage will have begun: friendships will be formed, the seeds of enmities sown, and the social organization of the floating microcosm will enter upon its three months' course of development.

John West leans over the side; and as the lights fade in the loom of the darkening coast, his whole life seems to come up before him and fade also into the past. He thought of the fond mother who had been called away too soon, before she could see her boy ripening into manhood; of the father whose naturally feeble constitution had scarcely rallied from the shock of her loss, but whose tender affection and care had been exerted to their utmost, so that John might never feel his loss. Though of a good family, Ambrose West had been only a poor curate in a manufacturing town, who had all his life to struggle with poverty, and who had been indebted for the means of giving his son a good education to the bounty of a female relation, who had accidentally seen the handsome young lad, and had bequeathed his father, in trust for him, a sum of £1,500. How he might best turn this legacy to his boy's account was a thought ever present in Mr. West's mind, and his anxiety was quickened all the more by a consciousness that his own end was rapidly approaching. That his son

should not have to live like himself—a penniless scholar—he was determined; and his acquaintance with an old school-fellow who had made a fortune in Australia led him to think of a career in that country for John. Mr. Cosgrove, who at first had been inclined to throw cold water on the clergyman's scheme, readily undertook to be John West's patron when he heard that the lad would have some small capital to invest in the colony. "Australia is the finest field in the world for a young man with a little money," Cosgrove had said with enthusiasm. "You buy your sheep or cattle, travel them on to a magnificent country, lease it from the government for a mere trifle, and in a few years your sheep and cattle will have multiplied six or eight times over, and you are a made man. Mere accumulation will make you a rich man. You live the life of a prince,—out on the green downs all day, riding through the forests, and home at night to your comfortable bunk, turn in, and you sleep like a top."

This prospect did much to reassure Mr. West of his son's future, and he could look forward to the end, which was now close at hand, with a feeling of more cheerfulness. There were many points in Mr. Cosgrove's character that did not recommend themselves to Mr. West; but he could make allowances for his neighbor's roughness and vulgarity, as the crust under which lay a spirit of honesty and fair dealing. When Mr. West died, John was scarcely seventeen, and he at once passed under the guardianship of Mr. Cosgrove. Neither John West nor his father had much knowledge of Mr. Cosgrove's colonial career, or of the way in which he had accumulated his fortune. But while John is thus leaning over the side of the "Marie Hamilton" watching the night settle down upon the bank of gloom which is all that is now left of the English coast, we shall give a few particulars regarding the man who is now our adventurer's guardian. He had, as a boy, been a schoolfellow of Mr. West, and had gone out to California when the discovery of gold first attracted a rush of emigration in that direction. He had made money, but had been victimized by a partner of superior cleverness if not of more honesty than himself. Attracted by the glowing accounts of the wealth of New South Wales which followed the famous discovery of gold by Hargraves in that colony, Cosgrove was next drawn towards the new El Dorado, taking with him

about nine hundred pounds—the proceeds of his Californian enterprise. In the new colony his previous experience stood him in good stead; and after engaging in many operations of land-jobbing, money-advancing, and other dealings of doubtful character, he soon found himself fairly on the road to wealth. He had married meanwhile; but his wife had died and left him with one son—a boy called Ralf; and soon after, Cosgrove once more looked around him for a mate by whose means he might manage to raise himself another step in the social ladder.

His choice fell upon a young widow lady of good family though rather slender means. Her husband, a young and promising government official, had been accidentally killed by a fall from his horse, leaving his young wife and her little girl Ruth, an infant in arms, to make the most of the small sum he had been able to save. She was received in the best society which the capital of New South Wales afforded; and in marrying her, the wily squatter looked forward to a more extended field of labor than he had as yet been able to operate upon. His wealth, address, and rather presentable appearance, procured for him a favorable termination to a suit which, as far as the poor lady knew, she had every reason to regard as a desirable one, but which could only have an unfavorable ending. Not long after the marriage, through his wife, he induced a cousin of hers, a young man of considerable wealth, to emigrate to Australia. Cosgrove had shortly before this sold his original property and bought another, much larger, chiefly on bills, his money being mysteriously disposed of, no one knew how. His name could have procured advances from the banks to an almost indefinite amount. He had laid a trap for some one, and his wife's cousin walked into it.

Greed of gold, and Cosgrove's specious arguments, induced him to place a large amount of cash in the farmer's hands as part payment of a half-share in the station, which had never been paid for; and the utterly inexperienced one hugged himself in the expectation of untold wealth. To his intense astonishment, he was awakened from this delusion about a year afterwards by his partner, who coolly announced himself a ruined man; finished up by informing him that he could not meet his bills—that the mortgagees had foreclosed, and were now about to take

possession. The unsuspecting youth at first thought a joke was intended, and some time elapsed before he actually realized the ghastly truth.

"Do you mean to say that the station was not yours when I bought half of it?"

"Well, it was mine to a certain extent. I bought it on advances from the banks, hoping to clear off the debt by degrees. Depreciation in wool, interest and compound interest, have not only prevented that, but it has put me some thousands in debt; and as I told you, the mortgagees are sending up to take possession."

"But they sha'n't get possession," returned the young man, alarmed, and growing angry; "I own an interest in the property. I won't be swindled out of my money. Let them pay that back to me, and I'll go. I hold your bond of partnership. I dare them to set foot on the place while I am here."

"Listen," said the other; "you had better destroy that little paper."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall publish it in every newspaper. Though you have married my cousin, I'll proclaim your treachery everywhere. I'll —"

"Hold on," rejoined his quondam partner, serenely surveying his victim; "I have no money — overdrawn my account long ago — every one knows that. I owe about £10,000. The mortgagees are willing to give me a clearance when I give up the station. Should it come to their ears that you are my self-acknowledged partner, you will find yourself compelled to pay the remaining money you possess into their hands to liquidate my debts. Now hold your tongue, and burn your bond — first loss is best loss."

The force of this argument struck the dismayed young man so strongly that, feeling himself quite helpless, though raging inwardly, he submitted to his fate.

Cosgrove retired for some time into private life, but before long emerged again, brighter and evidently richer, as the possessor of a station in the more northern portion of New South Wales, which subsequently came to be known as the colony of Queensland.

In his new property he may be supposed to have succeeded; for on his return to England, after the death of his second wife, whose gentle heart had never been able to get the better of her husband's unscrupulousness, he was apparently a wealthy and prosperous gentleman. In his house John had spent a few weeks after his father's death, and had

learned to like Ruth, who had all the sweetness and affection of her mother's character, and to thoroughly detest Ralf, who, to a naturally vicious disposition, developed among the rough characters of a bush-station, had added still more objectionable qualities, caught up from the society of stable-helpers and betting men, since his arrival in England. John West's intercourse with the young Australian had been far from pleasant, and he had had one occasion to enforce good manners upon him by a sound drubbing. But Mr. Cosgrove was anxious that he should start, and the days of mourning were scarcely accomplished when John found his passage taken on a Sydney ship, and himself hurried off, in company with his dog Spot — the gift of a lad who was Ruth's groom, and whom John had protected at his own personal peril from the tyranny of her brother — with a letter to Mr. Cosgrove's superintendent at Ipswich, in Queensland, and a draft, payable to himself, on Messrs. Bond and Foreclose, Mr. Cosgrove's agents in the capital of New South Wales. As for his money, Mr. Cosgrove had undertaken to invest the sum in the way most profitable for giving him a start when he had learned his duties.

And so John looked over the side of the "Marie Hamilton," and thought of his dead father and of Ruth, to whom he felt all the fervor of a boyish attachment, and of Cosgrove and Ralf, of the old life that he was leaving, and the wonders of the new world that was before him, until the light was swung from the mast, and the watch was set, and passengers were beginning to go below and make for their berths. The wide ocean was around, night was above, and old England was now far away on the lee.

II.

ON BOARD THE "MARIE HAMILTON."

The chief mate of the "Marie Hamilton" was a hearty, coarse, pushing man, and a good sailor. He soon put John in the way of getting things in order, and managed, as there were not many passengers, to let him have a cabin to himself, and also extended his protection to Spot, for which John was very grateful.

How new were these experiences! how many things were to be learned! Everything he saw filled him with surprise; and next morning John, who had never lived on the seacoast, was agast as he watched the active sailors swarm up aloft

and shake out the white sails. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and poor John experienced all the customary sensations.

He lay aft, dreadfully sick, and could not be prevailed upon to move. The sailors, who every now and then came aft in a party to haul on the braces as the ship was put about, walked over him, but he did not mind it. One of them drew him a little on one side, but it was like moving a corpse—in fact, John would not have minded being a corpse just at that moment. The steward had been up several times with offers of food, which his soul abhorred, and now came up with a blanket, with which he covered the wretched youth. The warmth did him good, and towards midnight he managed to crawl down and get into his bunk. In a few days, however, these feelings were a thing of the past, and the warm, sunny skies began to exercise their genial influence on our young traveller. How delicious to move about in the month of January with summer clothing; to bask in the warm rays of the sun, watching the snowy-winged sea-birds poisoning themselves on the yards! Now they dashed like a streak of lightning round the quarter of the vessel, circling gracefully up into the air again; and now they dropped on the water, falling gradually behind, until one could scarcely note the tiny white speck on the boundless blue of the rising wave. How charming to watch the minute "Portugee men-o'-war," each little bark cruising on its own account, and commissioned in the admiralty court of nature, in the name of nature's God! How delightful at night to lean on the quarter-rail and look over into the wild, whirling eddies of dark, deep water, sparkling with phosphorescent fire; or note the ship's bow as it ploughed its way through the solemn main, furrowing its track in living fire! How glorious to sit and watch the golden sunset, the sky at first fretted with a network of gorgeously tinted cumuli, then dissolving into less bright but more delicate and not less beautiful shades of color, till at last the great light sinks—a living, burning, glowing sphere—behind the vast waste of waters, to give place to the "gentle Lady Moon," which, rising "full-orbed in silvery majesty," casts her fairylike enchanted light in a bright chain athwart the darkened rippling sea, until, rising on high, she watches with "her silent eye" the universe below, causing the masts and cordage to stand out in alternate light and shadow! What a glamor steals

over the heart of man at such a time! what a desire for solitude, for communion with one's own heart—the hour of faith, of prayer, of love! Who of those that have gone down to the sea in great ships have not felt the sad, inexplicable yearning of the heart for the higher, purer life, when watching the star-sown heavens, or contrasting the insignificance of themselves and their bark and the huge immensity of space around them.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." But "the heavens declare his handiwork."

John West felt all this. He thought he could never tire of the voyage; but after a time, the continual sameness and monotony became irksome.

There were a few other passengers, but none with whom he cared to become intimate. One was a young man of the name of Boyle, on his way out, like himself, to learn sheep-farming in Australia. Boyle had rather exalted notions of his destiny, for he frequently informed any who would listen to him that he was going to manage a large station belonging to his uncle. The young man had a natural taste for low company, and his greatest pleasure lay in playing cards with the sailors in the forecabin.

There was also a travelling bagman for some London firm on board—a Jew named Cohen.

It so happened that Boyle had in some manner made himself obnoxious to the "son of Moses;" and one night, when returning from the forecabin, a bucket of bilge-water, emptied on him by an unseen hand in a lofty position, drenched him to the skin. Boyle vowed vengeance. The perpetrator of the trick was not to be discovered, but in his own mind he was convinced that to Cohen the debt was due. This little affair happened when the "Marie Hamilton" was about crossing the line; and the weather being very hot, the passengers were accustomed to go forward before sunrise in order to bathe, the water being played upon them through the hose of the fire-engine.

A few mornings after Boyle's little adventure, the passengers went as usual for their early refresher; and West, who was first ready, was about to advance, when a meaning look and wink from the man who held the hose made him draw back. He noticed that this morning the brass nozzle was screwed on to the canvas-pipe, and that two men were working the pump instead of one, as was customary. Cohen now stepped forward—he was a big, stout, fat

man—completely undressed. The two sailors at the engine set to work with all their might, the third directed the nozzle, and in an instant the unfortunate bagman was covered from head to foot with tar. In vain did he turn his back, he only received on it the remainder of the dose which had been ingeniously concealed in the nozzle. Consternation was depicted on the faces of some, while others greeted the unhappy victim with shouts of laughter. No one enjoyed the affair more than his enemy Boyle.

But he laughed too loud. Cohen's eye settled on him. Suspicion flashed across his mind like lightning, and rushing at the unsuspecting and wholly naked youth, he seized him in his arms, and rubbed himself all over him, causing the bystanders to shriek with hysterical laughter. The infuriated young man struck out right and left, a successful blow lighting on and "bouncing up" the eye of his antagonist, who retaliated with great spirit, until the combatants resembled a pair of North American Indians. Just then the chief officer came up. His appearance was a signal for the sailors, who were looking on with pretended amazement depicted on their faces, to disperse.

A few words in his rough, imperious tone of voice sufficed to part the colored gentlemen, who now became alive to the intense absurdity of their position. Boyle made his way in safety to the cook's galley, where, with the assistance of some of the men, he got slushed down and cleansed.

Cohen, however, was not so fortunate. His cabin was one of the stern state-rooms, and to reach it he had to pass through the whole length of the saloon.

It was obviously impossible to put on clothes, and nothing remained for it but to clear the coast and to make a desperate rush. So turning to John, he begged him to act the part of advanced-guard and reconnoitre ahead. John returned with the welcome news that no one was to be seen; whereupon Cohen made a frantic effort; but, alas! "the best laid schemes of mice and men," as Burns says, often go wrong. He had barely got half-way down the companion when he was met by a middle-aged married lady from Ireland, of the name of Sullivan—who was returning with her husband to the colonies—and a Miss MacFagg, a sentimental, long-bodied Scotch maiden of forty, with a partly lackadaisical, partly sanctimonious, expression of visage, and a long, thin head, sparsely covered with a crop of wiry

sandy hair, who was on her way out to a relative in Sydney.

They had emerged from their cabins to enjoy the morning air just as West left the saloon, and in consequence a meeting on the companion was the result. Owing to the impetus, caused by the rate at which he was travelling, Cohen hurriedly swept past Mrs. Sullivan, liberally besmearing her hands—which she had stretched out in front of her to protect herself—with the sticky pigment which covered his own skin, and almost rushed into the arms of Miss MacFagg, who was a step or two lower down, and who saluted him with a piercing shriek. In vain he turned to fly; his self-possession—bewildered as he was by the shouts of Mrs. Sullivan, who kept bawling at the top of her voice, "Murder! savages! the bloody, dhirty villyian, he's ruined my dhresh intirely!" and hewing at him with her sunshade, and the shrieks of Miss MacFagg, who on her knees entreated him to spare her innocence and her scalp—completely deserted him. In vain, covering his face with his hands, he endeavored to pass on either side of his strong-minded Irish adversary. She set to him with the precision of a dancing-mistress, until a heavy and well-directed blow from the sunshade sent him rolling down the cuddy-stairs into the saloon, bringing the terrified Miss MacFagg along with him.

The whole scene had not occupied a minute, and John was the only bystander who had witnessed it. The other passengers, stewards, etc., who had hurried to the spot on hearing the noise, arriving only in time to see the half-maddened Jew disappear in his cabin, now surrounded West in order to get an explanation, and the saloon resounded with uproarious merriment as Cohen's awkward situation became known. Miss MacFagg retired to her cabin, from which she did not emerge until the afternoon of next day; but the dauntless Mrs. Sullivan appeared at breakfast, at which meal she narrated the adventure to the much-amused skipper, who absolutely shrieked as she finished by saying, "The dhirty blackgyard! I dhrew out and I hit him across the shouldthers and knocked him dhown." This and one or two other little occurrences served to break the tediousness of the trip, which was beginning to tell upon all, especially the more experienced travellers; and the near approach to Australian shores was hailed with delight, and by none more than John. Why was he glad? He had no friends awaiting him. He did not

know, he never even asked himself the question; but the feeling of delight was almost ecstatic as the glittering coast shone under their lee, and universal enthusiasm existed as the "Marie Hamilton" ran close in, affording her passengers and crew a view of the beautiful panorama of wooded hills and blue mountain-peaks, and grassy slopes running down to the open sandy beaches or rock-bound shores of the sea. "That's 'Kiama,'" said the skipper to John. John did not know what "Kiama" was—he had never heard the name before. He stood leaning on the rail, watching the shore, and lost in thought. In imagination he peopled those green hills with a savage, blood-thirsty race, whose ancestors had gone on the war-path, and followed the chase over those silent valleys and rugged mountains for hundreds, ay, perhaps thousands, of years. He thought how, when all Christendom was convulsed with strife and war, the inhabitants of these dark, rolling forests had lived on calmly, pursuing their own primitive mode of life. What they were at the time of the advent of our Saviour, that they were still. It had wrought no change for them. Their life was what it had been, it might be, in Moses' time, or still further back in the obscurer ages of the world's history. It seemed almost like paying a visit to one of the planets, approaching a country whose people were utterly ignorant of the commonest European information.

As the day wore on and the glorious sunshine came to an end, bets were freely offered and taken as to the hour of arrival at Sydney Heads.

The moon was at the full, and the "Marie Hamilton" sailed merrily onward,—just as if the "Sydney girls" had hold of the tow-rope, as the boatswain cheerily remarked. About ten o'clock in the evening they passed Botany Bay, and soon the perpendicular cliffs which line the shore between it and the entrance to the cove towered above them in the clear moonlight—the abrupt, rugged harshness of the rocky wall seeming more awful as each lofty headland was thrown forward into bold relief by the dark-shadowed clefts and chasms behind. They passed the dreadful gap, the scene of a shipwreck, the harrowing details of which will never be forgotten by the inhabitants of Sydney; and shortly afterwards the pilot came on board, and the "Marie Hamilton" entered the Heads and cast anchor for the night.

But whose pen can describe the fairy-

like beauty of the scene next morning, when the steam-tug towed their floating home up the glorious harbor to Sydney, the Queen of the Southern Seas?

The clearness of the atmosphere, and the deep blue of the sky, in which blazed a semi-tropical sun; the smooth water; the charming little coves and sheltered bays; the wooded shores; the splendid villas crowning the rising slopes and embosomed in luxuriant verdure; the trim little yachts; and the noble aspect of the city from the harbor which was crowded with steamers and ships, a perfect forest of masts rising close to the shore,—charmed our hero beyond measure.

Garden Island and Pinchgut are passed, and the towers of Government House rise imposingly over the waters of Farm Cove, where two or three men-of-war lie serenely at anchor, their union-jacks hanging lazily from the sterns of the vessels; while the beautiful Botanic Gardens lend a tropical character to the whole, which absolutely transports the beholder. No wonder the Sydney people are proud of their city by the sea, for there are few spots more lovely.

John soon got his things on shore; and having fixed on lodgings, he went for a stroll. He found out Mr. Cosgrove's agents, Messrs. Bond and Foreclose, who honored his draft, treating him, however, with a business-like off-handedness which rather took him aback; for he had expected, from the familiar way in which Mr. Cosgrove spoke of them, that a friend of his would be a person of some consideration with them. A walk about town filled him with surprise. The puggaree-encircled hats and helmets were to him a novel sight. The Chinese stores in the lower part of George Street, and the diggers (in colored flannel shirts and long boots), some of whom he saw loitering about the booking-office of a coaching-firm, were also new and strange; and he listened in puzzled wonder to the quick, sharp cries of the omnibus cads as they rapidly uttered a string of foreign-sounding native names.

The long wooden drinking-troughs for horses outside the doors of many of the suburban inns, gave an air of rustic simplicity to the long one-storied buildings, which the presence in town of innumerable horsemen from the neighboring country supported.

At the same time, he was much impressed with the architectural beauty of some of the newer streets and public edifices, and with the evidences of wealth

and prosperity which greeted him everywhere.

He found his way to the office of the Australian Steam Navigation Company, and having taken his passage for Brisbane, Moreton Bay, he returned to his lodgings. On the evening of the next day he went on board the S.S. "Telegraph," and soon afterwards the countless lights of Sydney twinkled in the gloom behind them and were lost to view.

Here he met a different class of people to any he had hitherto come in contact with, and he did not at first exactly know what to make of them. There were a number of stout, bearded, and very much bronzed men, who looked like gentlemen: and yet there was an off-handedness and air of recklessness about some of them which he had never perceived in those with whom he had associated at home; and he noticed that the hands of nearly all, although in some instances decorated with rings, were rough and coarse. They appeared to have much to say; and from the familiarity with which they treated one another, John at first inclined to think that they must be members of what he had heard termed the swell-mob. Occasionally a few words of their conversation came to his ears; and the expressions "new country," "account sales," "horses and cattle," "pound a head all round," "up at my place," etc., reminded him of Mr. Cosgrove's conversation, and he made up his mind that these must be Queensland squatters returning after a trip to Sydney. When John in the course of time came to know this class better, he found that among them were to be met numbers of men of first-rate education, gentlemanly manners, and high principles, as well also as those of a rougher stamp; but nearly all were shrewd, practical men, devoted to their independent bush-life, and bearing about with them a frankness which seemed born of the rough-and-ready stirring life they led. There were also a few younger men of the same stamp, some of them looking rather unwell, as if recovering from the effects of Sydney dissipation. John's fellow-passenger, Boyle, was also among the number. He had managed to introduce himself, or had been introduced, to a circle of ladies, and was evidently affording them amusement, as could be seen by the endeavors which some of the younger ones made to draw him out, and the merriment which followed each sally. There were also some who looked like city businessmen, and one or two travelling bagmen.

The passengers seemed to agree very well, and there did not appear to be any of the stiffness which characterizes English travelling at home. The captain, a polite, highly educated seaman, made himself agreeable to all, and was especially attentive to the ladies and children. John mentioned Mr. Cosgrove's name; and the captain, who knew everybody, was quite interested, and inquired in the most particular way after Ruth, who was, he said, a charming child, and a great friend of his. The table was well supplied, and the scent of pine-apples seemed to pervade the saloon: the whole surroundings called to John's mind descriptions he had read of steamer travelling in the Southern States of America. Two days' rapid steaming along the coast brought them in sight of Stradbroke Island; and shortly afterwards, passing several islands, they entered the mouth of the Brisbane River. The shores were low and uninteresting at first, and devoid of all life, except where, here and there, a group of native companions stalked solemnly or played fantastically on the mud among the mangroves; but as the steamer tore the placid waters, and forced her onward course, the banks gradually rose, and became densely covered with vegetation of a tropical character. The river bent and twisted in many a romantic winding; and as each corner was turned, a still more beautiful scene than the last lay before the travellers. The long reaches of deep, calm water, fringed with dense groves of plantains and bananas, or tall, graceful bamboos, delighted John's gaze.

Here and there were passed beautiful verandae cottages covered with creepers, situated in the midst of luxuriant gardens and orange-groves, from which little jetties or boat-stairs led down to the water's edge. Numerous buildings announced the approach to the city, as it is called, of Brisbane. The steamer was soon made fast alongside the jetty, and it being a moist, wet day, there were few people to witness its arrival.

John got his things ashore, and set off to find accommodation. Both the principal hotels were full, and he turned away in search of a third, where he was fortunate enough to secure a small room.

It rained all day, and when towards evening it ceased for a time, and our "new chum" went out to explore, he was astonished to find that the city was almost entirely built of wood, and that it was scarcely bigger than many villages at

home. Since then a great change for the better has taken place in the capital of Queensland, both in size and architecture. He returned to an early supper and bed, but, alas! not to sleep. He suffered the tortures of the Inquisition from a numerous and active body of mosquitoes, who, having discovered the treat awaiting them in the person of a new arrival, obstinately defied all his efforts to dislodge them from the positions they had taken up within the curtains, and prosecuted their investigations with the most pertinacious perseverance, discovering the tenderest portions of his body with a scientific skill which said much for their vast experience and interest in the matter on hand.

Towards morning he fell into a feverish sleep, on awaking from which he resolved that from Brisbane he should depart that very day: so having finished breakfast, he had his things put on board the river-steamer "Ipswich," bound for Ipswich, an inland town about thirty miles distant from Brisbane, and the place where he expected to meet the horses which were to convey him to Mr. Cosgrove's station, Cambaranga.

III.

IPSWICH IN THE OLD DAYS. — A "JACK-AROO" ON HORSEBACK.

THE river-steamer "Ipswich" was not long in conveying our "new chum," like hundreds of others previously, and thousands subsequently, to his place of destination. The river scenery appeared even more beautiful than on the preceding day, for on three parts of the days of the year in Queensland the sun shines brilliantly.

He found, on inquiry, that Mr. Cosgrove's agent knew nothing about him or horses; so, taking up his quarters at one of the hotels, he despatched a letter to Mr. Cosgrove's manager, acquainting him with his arrival, and then proceeded to survey the town.

This he accomplished in a very short time; but, nevertheless, much was occurring around of a novel and interesting character.

Numbers of bullock-wagons, each drawn by ten or twelve great, bony-looking, large-horned oxen, lined the streets, their drivers sunburned, healthy-looking men, in home-made flannel shirts and moleskin trousers, and cabbage-tree hats, mostly engaged with others, similarly attired, in either unloading bales of wool or loading supplies at the various stores, the occupa-

tion being interrupted every now and then by what John soon learned was the great national pastime of Queensland — viz., having a drink all round.

Laden teams, groaning and creaking, slowly made their way into or out of the busy little town, among clouds of dust, with much cracking of whips and shouting of bullocks' names by the drivers, who walked beside their teams, carrying over their shoulders a long-handled whip with thong of raw-salted hide, called in the colony greenhide.

In many instances, when two or three teams travelled together, one or more were driven by black boys — that is to say, aboriginal natives — the term being invariably employed by colonists towards the blacks in their service, no matter what age they may be. These were attired similarly to their white companions, in shirt and trousers — but the shirts were, as a rule, of a more gaudy pattern; and a bright-colored handkerchief as often as not encircled their waists or was bound round their heads.

They seemed very proficient in the vocabulary necessary to the professed bullock-driver, and thorough masters of the formidable cowhide, and, on the whole, were happy, merry fellows, with dark, shiny complexions, bright eyes, and strong, white teeth. As a rule, they had beautiful curly hair, and some of the more civilized among them seemed to bestow great care upon their personal appearance. Horses of all kinds, and ridden by men, women, and boys, passed continually up and down the streets, or stood tied up at the doors of stores and private dwellings. Every one seemed to ride who had any business to do. Each house had its stockyard, or enclosure of posts and rails, for the purpose of holding horses and cattle when driven in from the surrounding bush, where they pastured. Men kept arriving from the country or departing thither chiefly on horseback. To a practised eye it was an easy matter to determine the calling or profession of each from his appearance. The old shepherd generally came slowly along, mounted on some long-tailed, quiet mare, or good-looking but aged and broken-down hack, sitting on a stained, patched old saddle — a huge bundle of clothes, wrapped in a well-worn blue blanket, strapped in front of him; a dog-chain or two fastened on one side of his saddle, and a quart-pot and pint rattling together on the other. An old, worn, blue-serge shirt on his back, a pair of dirty white

moleskin trousers covering his nether man, and a battered old felt hat on his head, completed his attire; while his pouch contained his knife, matches, and tobacco, together with his last agreement of service, a few old receipts for horses bought, and, in all probability, a considerable cheque—a sensible collie-dog or two generally bringing up the rear.

The splitter and fencer or shearer presented a much smarter appearance. Strong, muscular, bearded, in his prime, clad neatly and comfortably, sometimes with a spare horse carrying his baggage, he came into town hearty and jolly, to leave it, alas! too often, with an emptier pocket, and a bloodshot eye and shaking hand.

The neat, smart-looking, well-mounted stockman passed quickly along, sitting his horse with an easy grace, the result of many a long overland journey or sharp mountain gallop. Now and again a squatter, mounted on a well-bred, active hack, moved by, a spare horse or two being driven by his attendant black boy. The public-houses presented a very busy sight; and judging by the bars, it seemed that when men were not eating, sleeping, or working, they were drinking grog and boasting (or blowing, in colonial parlance) of some feat which they had performed, or of the particular merits of some horse, bullock, dog, or man. As a rule, the conversation was very horsey or bullocky. The bar parlors seemed to be quite as full as the tap-rooms; and squatters, merchants, and professional men transacted their business, or amused themselves, very much in the same manner as their inferiors.

No bargain could be completed without a "wet" over it, and no friendship formed or enmity forgotten without recourse to the bottle. Many of the shepherds and other bushmen, indeed, considered it the correct thing to put their year's wages into the hands of the publican whose house they stayed at, with the request to inform them when the money was spent—until which time they themselves drank, and treated everybody else who would drink with them. Indeed they not unfrequently annoyed those whom they might chance to fall in with by insisting on standing treat—a refusal being very often answered by a show of anger and an indignant "Oh, you're too—proud to drink with a poor man!" Quarrelling, singing, riding furiously, a night spent in the lock-up, a recovery of misery, perhaps a touch of *delirium tremens*,—in this

way many of these men spent their short holiday in town, and the money they had labored so hard for. John soon got tired of these scenes, and took his way back to his inn. On the road he passed numerous parties of aboriginals—the men in tattered shirts and trousers, mostly without hats, their heads covered with a huge mass of tangled ringlets,—for the black fellow who lives in the bush bestows but small attention on his *cobra*, as the head is usually called in the pigeon-English which they employ. The women sometimes wore merely a shirt; and a favorite article of apparel was the skirt of a white woman's dress, the band fastened over one shoulder and under the other arm, the opposite arm passing through the slit. Sometimes they used cloaks made of opossum-skin, and many carried children on their backs.

John afterwards learnt that it was compulsory for them to appear clothed to a certain extent in town, their own natural inclination being the other way. They seemed to loiter about without any particular object.

Occasionally one of the men might be seen chopping wood or fetching water, and some of the *gins*, as the women are called, employed in assisting at house-work. Many begged, on the smallest opportunity, for *toombacco* (tobacco) or "white money;" others were seated or stretched lazily along the shady side of some building, incessantly singing a monotonous ditty, or enjoying a snooze. On the whole, they seemed a merry, happy, careless, tolerably well-fed, dirty, greasy, abject-looking set of black people, with a peculiar smoky, overpowering smell about them.

These were part of the Ipswich tribe, and knocked out a precarious living by hunting in the bush and begging in the town.

The enforced stay wearied our friend exceedingly; he found himself the only aimless person in the place. All day long there were arrivals and departures on horseback. Bullock-drays came and went; supplies were landed from the steamers, and wool was despatched.

Among others, John's shipmate Boyle made a start up-country, his departure giving rise to an episode of considerable interest. He had been staying in Brisbane for a day or two, and had there purchased a handsome, though somewhat shy, black mare to carry him to his destination. This animal he had caused to be caparisoned in front of his hotel with

the paraphernalia which he had brought out with him from home, thinking that in a colony so remote all saddlery was difficult to procure. His steed looked brilliant, in all the shining glory of new furniture, a glistening new bit in her mouth, and a martingale half-a-dozen sizes too big round her neck; while a huge-sized valise, sufficient for a family, crossed the pommel of his saddle, and occupied almost the entire seat. A stiff, ill-made English stock-whip hung on one side, and an apparatus containing a multitudinous assortment of knives, forks, spoons, dishes, tumblers, etc., as supposed in England to be necessary for people who eat in the open air, hung on the other. Everything about the whole bespoke "new chum," and accordingly a crowd of amused bush and town people gathered round to see the mount made and the start effected.

Presently the new arrival issued from the veranda, dressed, according to his own ideas, as much like a bushman as possible, in a thick coat and waistcoat, heavy enough for an English winter, and a pair of thick, baggy cord-breeches, with long, heavy-soled Napoleon boots, garnished with formidable long-necked spurs. A bran-new cabbage-tree hat protected his head; his waist was confined by a broad leathern belt, supporting on one side a revolver, and on the other a large butcher's knife.

It was a matter of no little difficulty for him to mount his steed, partly from his cumbrous attire and the huge "swag" which lay across the seat, as well as from the unpleasant way in which the newly-panelled saddle kept slipping over the fat round back of his mare whenever his weight bore on the stirrup. In time, by dint of one man holding to the opposite stirrup, another keeping back the swag, a third holding the bridle, and a fourth pushing him behind, Mr. Boyle gained a romantic and picturesque perch, much to his own satisfaction, amidst shouts of "Stick to her, squatter!" from the deeply interested spectators, whose amusement was, however, soon to be changed into consternation; for when they had followed the cavalier a short distance to an open space, it entered into his head to see how his mare stood fire in case he might be placed in some of the perils which he fancied beset his journey. Accordingly, he drew his trusty and much-valued "double action" out of its bright new pouch. It had been loaded with much attention that morning, and

aiming at a stump, he fired. He had no time to witness the effect of his shot. With a bound his charger flew round, and getting amongst the small crowd of onlookers, she put down her head, and executed in a circle a series of remarkably active buck-jumps. Her rider could not fall off. He sat there, trussed by the swag in front of him, desperation in his face, his long spurs jammed well into the sides of the mare, his hand mechanically holding the pistol, and with each succeeding jump involuntarily pulling the trigger, causing the bullets to fly in every direction. There was no more laughter from the audience. With an impulse they threw themselves on the ground, preferring to chance being trampled on by the horse to being subjected to the erratic fire of the equestrian acrobat. On the chambers being all discharged, the mare ceased bucking, and no one was more astonished than the rider to find himself still in his saddle. And he departed, much to the relief of those who had thus stood, or lain down to, powder for the first time.

IV.

A START UP-COUNTRY.

AN evening or two after Boyle's departure John was sitting in the veranda, when a nondescript-looking vehicle, drawn by two horses tandem-fashion, and containing a very stout woman and a stockman-looking man, drove up. John had the pleasure of meeting the stout woman at dinner, and she turned out to be the proprietress of a hotel in the neighborhood of Mr. Cosgrove's station. When she heard John was going there, but detained from want of horses, she kindly informed him that he might ride one of her two back, as she intended remaining some time in town, and was about sending back horses and man.

Our hero gladly accepted the offer; and next morning, after many preparations, in close imitation of his friend Boyle, he made ready to start. His guide was the ostler of the hotel, who, being from home, was consequently on the spree. He called on John to make haste, sprang on his own horse, and in a few minutes both were galloping out of the town. The ostler proceeded in the most correct bush style. Every now and then uttering a wild cry and dashing his spurs into his nag's sides, he would fly along at his topmost speed, only to pull up again at the nearest public-house, to the

veranda of which his horse's bridle was hung until he had imbibed a nobbler or two. John's horse seemed rather astonished not to find his rider executing similar war-cries, but he nevertheless tore after his companion with a desperate energy, which showed the interest he took in the proceeding, and pulled up at the doors of the bush inns with a suddenness which, but for the swag in front of him, would have sent poor John, who was rather aghast at this desperate sort of travelling, sprawling.

They reached their destination towards evening—a pretty, quiet little inn, the stout, motherly landlady of which conducted our friend to a neat little parlor, and gave him a quiet supper, after which he betook himself to bed, feeling, after his twenty-five-mile ride, as if every bone in his body was broken.

Next day the travellers proceeded in a much more orderly manner; and about midday a man was despatched coming towards them, leading a horse. This proved to be one of Mr. Cosgrove's men, with horses for the young traveller.

John enjoyed this journey through wild woods beyond measure; and when, after passing through many a dark ravine, and climbing the green slopes of the great ranges, they gazed on the distant shining peaks standing out against the blue sky, while all around rose silently tall, straight-stemmed trees, whose leaves whispered away above them at an immense height, the first feeling of that love of the wild bush, its silent calm, and its eloquent beauty began to dawn on him. His spirit welled up within him, and he felt, and rejoiced in, his strength—he revelled in the enjoyment of life. An unknown future lay before him, but he had no care as to what that future was; he lived in the present, and all was new and fascinating.

The startled kangaroo flying through the forest glade, the harsh-voiced, big-headed, laughing jackass, the bright-hued paroquet, the screeching cockatoo, and a hundred other forms of life, amazed and delighted him.

How picturesque the encampment of bullock-drays looked on the roadside, when, the day's work being completed, the bows and yokes were taken off the necks of the great oxen, and varied-toned sonorous bells fastened round them instead, and the jangling crowd was driven by a man on horseback up the creek to some well-known spot, where the pasturage was particularly good, the deep knell

of the stock-whip reverberating through the forest every now and then! How pleasant to see the preparations for the evening meal, the huge fire of logs, the galvanized-tin bucket full of tea, the smoking dish of beef and potatoes, which, together with many other comforts and luxuries, proved that the Australian bullock-drivers have a partiality for good living, and indulge it! At last they arrived at the end of their day's journey, an inn similar to the one they spent the previous night at; and John's romantic imagination received a considerable check, owing to the exquisite pain which an alarming abrasion of his cuticle caused him. Indeed he almost feared that the end of his journey would find him minus the greater portion of his outer man.

He slept that night the sleep of the wearied "new chum," and with his companions was on the road next morning early enough to come upon a camp of fat cattle travelling down to market.

The haze of the night had scarce lifted from the dank grass of the wide rolling downs. The smoke of the camp-fire rose lazily through the mist-laden atmosphere, at some distance from the road.

A mounted horseman, enveloped in a large blanket from head to foot, emerged from the fog, and, as if out of the earth, there rose up slowly and deliberately bullock after bullock, to the number of forty or fifty, and took their way towards town, the horseman moving quietly after them in a zigzag manner.

The mist clearing off soon after, disclosed a second horseman at the fire, apparently engaged in packing the food and cooking-utensils upon a spare horse, his own grazing beside him, the bridle between its legs.

The scene which now met their eyes was one of the greatest beauty; and John wondered at the unsympathetic manner with which his fellow-travellers listened to his raptured expressions of delight as he viewed the vast extent of undulating, richly grassed prairie, lovely valleys with timber-crowned ridges varying the beauty of the whole, while sharp wooded promontories here and there ran far out into the wide sea of plain, ranges of blue mountains forming the frame of this enchanting picture.

The lowing of the distant herd fell soothingly upon the morning air, as, grazing slowly, the sated cattle made their way from the open country to the shady camps under the trees, beside the cool waters of the creek which flowed through this pleasant land.

As they proceeded they passed camp after camp of bullock-drays, the drivers and assistants all busy in yoking up for the day. This cannot be effected without much running about, shouting, swearing, and use of the whip, which weapon the practised bullock-driver wields with the most severe effect, each lash leaving a long cut on the hide of the devoted beast, who cringes under it. As bullock-drivers are continually breaking in young cattle, there is a constant freshness in this work, which is by no means devoid of danger, many of the young bullocks — and indeed some of the older ones — being of uncertain temper, and prone, when opportunity offers, to charge and gore any unhappy wight unable to get out of their way.

As the day wore on, they overtook bullock-drays lurching along heavily in the ruts of the road, the little keg of water at the tail-board swinging as if it would wrench out the staple it hung by, and the driver appealing occasionally to some bullock or other by name, following up his admonition by a sweeping cut of his "gully-raker," and a report like a musket-shot. The intelligence displayed by the leaders and polers was very great; and they obeyed the word of the driver, coming to him, or moving from him, with the utmost docility. The pace they travelled at barely exceeded two miles an hour; and the mite of a small boy who in some instances drove the spare bullocks behind, found relief from *ennui* in addressing imperious words of command to them, couched in the strongest language, with as big a voice as his small lungs could produce.

V.

ROADSIDE SCENES. — NIGHT AT A STATION. — ARRIVAL AT CAMBARANGA.

THE travellers proceeded along the road, their horses walking or jogging, which are the customary paces when journeying.

They encountered and overtook many teams, their drivers exchanging a morning salutation and a few words of greeting with John's two friends, who seemed to know, or know of, everybody they met. Occasionally a horseman or two, or a pedestrian carrying his worldly goods rolled up in his blanket and strapped on his back, a billy (that is, a round tin pitcher with a lid) in his hand, and with a dog or two at his heels, met and passed them, exchanging the usual "good morning."

These men all seemed to go without coats or waistcoats, or braces, a waist-belt confining the trousers at the girdle. Indeed, so much did this seem the fashion, that partly induced by it, and partly by the heat, John soon followed suit, and rolled his upper clothing in the swag in front of him.

Traces of favorite camping-places met their eyes at every watercourse they came to. Each lagoon or water-hole had innumerable round spots of grey ashes, with a few black embers lying among them, all around it. Many of the surrounding trees were cut down for fuel; and great numbers of empty jam-pots, salmon, lobster, and sardine tins, broken brandy-bottles, perhaps an old boot or two, and part of a rotten old saddle, lay scattered about. Soon they passed a head-station, as the homestead and main buildings of a station are invariably called. It belonged to a very rich squatter, whose name was a power in the country, and was beautifully situated. The houses were comfortably built and of handsome design. A large garden adjoined them; creepers covered the verandas and outbuildings, of which there were many; and several paddocks of great extent, encircled by substantial posts and rail fences, surrounded the whole. They shortly afterwards crossed a small running creek; and it being almost midday, a halt was called for the purpose of giving the horses a spell and having a "pot of tea."

Accordingly, the horses were unsaddled. They were then taken down to the water and had their backs washed, to prevent the sweat hardening under the saddle and causing sores; after which each had a pair of hobbles fastened round his fore fetlocks, a proceeding which he quite seemed to expect; and they hobbled off in a series of short jerks, with their noses to the ground, seeking for the softest spot in the vicinity. This was no sooner discovered than they dropped on their knees, and thence on their sides, testifying their satisfaction by rolling over and over repeatedly. Then springing to their feet and shaking themselves free from dust and dirt, they set to work to crop the grass. John was so much interested in observing this that he forgot his own duties. However, his friend the ostler unstrapped the quarts and filled them with water, the other man having made a glorious fire in a few minutes. The quart-pots were now put on to boil, swags were opened and food produced.

John, unused to the ways of the bush, and feeling, after the good breakfast, as if he never would want food again, had neglected to take anything with him for lunch, and now looked with considerable dismay at his own bulky but at present useless swag.

"Ah," said the ostler, "I know'd as how you new chums never thinks o' nothing, so I brought enuff for both of us."

"Look out there!" he continued; "quart-pot corroborree," springing up and removing with one hand from the fire one of the quart-pots, which was boiling madly, while with the other he dropped in about as much tea as he could hold between his fingers and thumb. Then stirring it with a straw, he set it aside to draw. The other quart-pot was served in a similar way; but John's, although in a hotter spot, showed no signs of boiling. In vain he applied more fuel, the fire seemed to have no effect.

"It's no use," said his friends; "them new quarts takes a month o' Sundays to bile. Ye see, ours has been used many a day, and they're battered and black, and takes kindly to it; but them new ones don't like it, somehow."

And, so it was, for they had almost finished their meal before the new quart "corroborreed," as the stockman phrased it. It came in handy, however, with the after-dinner pipe which both the men indulged in.

Horses were now caught and saddled, swags were strapped on, and they travelled onwards in the same manner as in the morning. They had not gone very far when the little bull-terrier pup which John had brought with him from home, and which was growing rapidly into a very handsome young dog, made a rush at something in the grass, and shook it violently.

"What is it?" shouted John, greatly excited.

"Snake," returned both the men in a breath.

"Oh, my dog, he will be bitten!" cried poor John; and throwing himself off his horse he seized a bullock's shin-bone which happened to be lying handy. He struck the snake (a long, lithe, flat-headed black one) such a blow on the head as to deprive it of power. Bully rushed in again before John could prevent him, and crushed its head between his jaws.

"Do you think he's hurt?" asked John, anxiously.

"Well, if he ain't, it won't be long be-

fore he will be," said the ostler; "but, Lord, you never knows when a beast gets bitten. Just the other day I was a-ridin' along, and I notices a snake—the same kind as that un—under my horse's feet, and I thought I felt her give a bit of a kick with her off hind-foot, but I wasn't sure like. Howsomever, she went along picking up a mouthful of grass now an' ag'in quite lively like, when all of a sudden she stopped and trembled, then she lay down, and she died in half an hour in mortal pain."

"Ay, sometimes they dies in five minutes," said the other. "I think it all depends on whether their blood is hot or not. If so be as they are warm, the pison tells very quick; and I think *that*'ere dog is agoin' to croak."

John's distress was very great at seeing his faithful little companion move about uneasily, lie down, get up, whine, lick his hand, then look up in his face as if mutely asking help. Once or twice he returned to the dead snake and shook it, and John hoped that they were mistaken in the symptoms. But it was not so; poor Bully shivered, drew up his limbs, became rigid, recovered, whined again, kept licking his master's hand, and at last died in great agony.

It was with a sore heart that John mounted his horse to continue his journey. The dog had proved a loving companion, and was growing very dear to him; besides which, he was very valuable on account of his pure breed, and was generally admired.

That evening they reached the hotel to which the ostler was bound; and after spending the night there, they bade him farewell next morning, the man refusing to take the gratuity which John offered him.

A similar day's travelling through forest country brought them at night to a station called Cooranilla. They had struck off from the main highway early in the morning, and had passed over many miles without meeting a single traveller. Part of the distance lay over poor country, covered with ti-tree, box, and iron-bark saplings, with here and there heavy timber growing on sour-looking ridges. *Lignum-vitæ* and bastard-myall bushes were very common; while huge, dense scrubs, composed chiefly of bugalow-trees and undergrowth, lined the road in many places. In the neighborhood of these scrubs the game was especially plentiful; and kangaroos, paddy-melons, wallabies, and kangaroo-rats crossed the road con-

tinually. Sometimes an iguana, disturbed from his siesta, would hurry quickly to a tree at some distance off, which he would ascend carefully on the opposite side to that on which his enemy appeared. Just before reaching the station the country improved.

In accordance with his mentor's advice, John rode up to the main building of the station, hung his horse's bridle to the fence, and walked to the house.

A lady came out to meet him; and John, mentioning his name and destination, requested hospitality for the night. He was most kindly received. The lady, who was the wife of the owner of the station, calling to a young black boy to bring water for the horse's back, showed John the entrance to the paddock, into which he turned his horse. She then brought him inside, and asking if the man who accompanied him had gone down to the travellers' hut (a building especially destined for the accommodation of the laboring classes), she ushered him into a neat little bedroom. Soon afterwards the clatter of horses' hoofs announced the arrival of her husband—a big, bronzed man, with a fair beard and a bright laughing eye. He welcomed John in the most hearty manner; and before many minutes had elapsed, the young emigrant found himself talking, laughing, and relating adventures to his new friends as if he had known them all his life.

Dinner over, the rest of the evening was spent on the veranda in pleasant conversation. His entertainers earnestly pressed their guest to rest the next day; but John, who was anxious to get to the end of his journey, declined. "Well," said the kindly squatter, "'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest,' is the rule of the bush, you know. Breakfast will be on the table at six to-morrow morning, and the horses in the yard ready for you. Good-night."

Next morning, after breakfast, and bidding farewell to the kind owners of Cooranilla, the horsemen proceeded to complete their last day's travel. The roads were almost as deserted as on the preceding day. They sometimes, though rarely, passed a footman coming or going, or a tilted cart drawn by a couple of horses, and occupied by the driver's wife, children, and household goods. Towards the middle of the day they came upon cheerful-looking iron-bark ridges; while on the right, green apple-tree flats bordered on a well-watered creek, along whose banks numbers of sleek, quiet,

well-bred-looking cattle grazed. Occasionally they passed through a "mob" standing on the roadside, and John was greatly amused at seeing some of the young calves and steers advancing boldly to them with many airs of assumed anger, tearing up the ground with their fore-feet, and shaking their heads—only to scamper away, kicking their heels in the air, on a movement being made towards them. This, his companion informed him, was a part of Mr. Fitzgerald's run—Un-gah run; and pointed out, at the same time, that the cattle had all, even to the smallest, the letters FGD burnt into the skin of the near-side rump. They were also all marked with a peculiar slit in the off ear,—it being customary, and indeed compulsory, as regarded protection of property, for owners to brand and mark all their stock in a similar manner.

After some miles they came to barer-looking country. The grass did not seem so green, and was fed down much shorter, and innumerable little paths ran leading in the same directions. Towards evening they overtook a flock of sheep, greatly scattered, and slowly feeding towards a small hut which, with two large yards, occupied a rising ground about half a mile away.

The sheep seemed to have had plenty to eat during the day, for their sides were very much distended, and they moved slowly and steadily. The shepherd had left them to find their way home themselves, and had gathered a few sticks to make up his evening fire, when, hearing the horses' feet, the two black-and-tan colliers which followed at his heels turned and barked, causing the sheep in their immediate neighborhood to rush suddenly and look round, and the shepherd to set down his load and wait for them.

"Halloa, Tom!" he shouted to John's guide; "got back again? How are things looking down in Limestone?"*

Tom gave a short description of what was going on, and the people he saw there, and the appearance of the country generally—all of which was listened to with much interest by the shepherd. They now pushed on at a faster pace, and the horses themselves seemed anxious to get over the ground. It was dark when they arrived at Cambaranga, as Mr. Cos-

* The name Ipswich bore before it received its present appellation. It is common for the older hands to retain the use of the name to which they were first accustomed. Many of the Queensland towns have these double names. For instance, Trowoomba was called the Swamp; Drayton, the Springs; Dalby, Myallcreek; Roma, the Bungill, etc., etc.

grove's station was called. The night hung heavily on the dark forests which shaded each side of the road, but above the heaven was unclouded and bright with stars. At last they saw a twinkling light in the distance. As they approached nearer, a dog, hearing the tread of hoofs, barked sharply, causing numerous others to take up the chorus. The dogs then made a rush in concert (yelping all the time) to meet the new-comers; and satisfied on hearing the well-known voice of the stockman, they joyfully bring up the rear.

John and his companion now arrive at the little paling fence which encloses the main buildings. Two or three men come out and shake him by the hand and ask a few questions. The stockman gives a short account of his proceedings; the unsaddled horses are turned out free into the bush to find their favorite haunts, and recruit after the journey; and John is brought through a veranda, thickly covered with creepers, inside the house.

ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

CHAPTER IV.

THE little barque which was carrying Eve away from her home and its early associations was bound for Fowey, between which place and London Captain Triggs traded.

On her way to Fowey, some few miles farther up the coast, the "Mary Jane" would have to pass Polperro, but as it would not be possible for her to lay to or land her passenger, it had been agreed that Eve was to go on to Fowey, at which place her uncle would probably be found waiting to receive her.

Many an hour Eve passed in pleasant anticipations of her coming journey and how it was to be made, indulging her imagination by picturing the three or four days of perfect idleness, when there would be nothing to do but sit and watch the rolling sea and feel the ship ride gayly o'er the dancing waves.

Alas, poor Eve! A very different experience was hers to tell when, toward the close of the fourth day, she emerged from the tiny cabin, out of which since the time they had lost sight of land she had never stirred, and feebly struggled upon deck to find they were already inside Fowey harbor and nearing the quay at

which she supposed they intended to land.

The day had been wet and stormy, and the mists hung heavy and thick over the crooked, winding streets of Fowey and the wooded heights of its opposite shore.

At any other time Eve would have been struck with the new beauty of the scene around her, but now, weary in body and sick at heart, all her thought was, Had her uncle come, and how much farther was there to go? Would this shouting and bawling to "cast off" and "hold on" never cease? The babel of strange sounds which naturally accompanies most nautical efforts seemed to daze Eve's untutored senses, and she had just begun to relinquish all hope of this state of confusion ever coming to an end when the welcome voice of Captain Triggs sounded in her ears, saying, "I half fancy your uncle ha'n't come, or he'd be aboard afore now, I reckon."

"Perhaps he does not know that the vessel has got here yet," said Eve; "and if not, whatever shall I do?" she added anxiously, the last remnant of endurance vanquished by the fear of spending another night on board.

"Well, he'd kalkilate on our being here some time to-day, though I 'spects he'd reckon on us gettin' in a brave bit earlier than us has, by which raison us may find un stuck fast at the King o' Proossia's. Howsomedever, you'm all right now, for my house is only over to Polruan there, and my missus 'ull make 'ee comfortable for the night, and you can go on in the morning, you know."

"Thank you," said Eve faintly, "but I should like to make sure first that uncle has not come."

"Iss, iss, all right! Us'll rin up to Mrs. Webber's to wance: I can go with 'ee now, so come 'longs;" and he held out his hand to help her down from the cask upon which, in order to get out of the way, she had seated herself. "Steer clear o' the ropes," he said, as they crossed the deck; after which poor Eve, abandoning herself to the certainty of a watery plunge, came with a flop down into one of the several small boats which lay bobbing about near enough to form an unsteady sort of bridge across to land.

"There us is: you'm right 'nuf now," exclaimed Triggs cheerily as Eve paused for an instant at the top of the few steps to take breath. "I'll warrant you won't be in no hurry to volunteer for the next voyage," he added, laughing as he caught sight of her pale face. "Why, you be a

poor hand on the watter surely: I don't believe that you've so much as held your head up for five minutes since us started."

"I feel just as if I was on board the ship now," said Eve, trying to steady her staggering footsteps. "I do hope that I shall find my uncle here: I am longing to be at my journey's end."

"Well, I hardly know what to say till I've been inside, but I half fancy if he'd come us should ha' sin un about some-where afore this;" and he turned to take another scrutinizing look around before entering the inn in front of which they now stood.

It was an odd, queer-looking place, even in those days reckoned out of date and old-fashioned. Irregular stone pillars raised it some twelve feet from the ground, making it necessary, in order to gain the door, that you should mount a perilously steep flight of steps, up which, with an alacrity familiarity alone could have rendered safe, Captain Triggs ran, giving an unnecessary duck of his head as he passed under the swinging signboard on which was depicted the once universally popular Prussian hero.

A minute or so elapsed, and then he emerged again, this time bidding Eve to "come on," as it was "all right;" in accordance with which invitation she followed his direction and stepped from across the threshold into a room which by contrast looked so bright and cheerful that, with a sigh which seemed to relieve her burdened spirit of half its weight, she sank down into the nearest empty chair.

"Why, who have 'ee got there, then, Capen Triggs?" demanded a voice which proceeded from a railed-off portion of the farther end of the room. "'Tis never she that Sammy Tucker's bin axin' about: he spoke as if her was a little maid. Why, do 'ee go near to the fire, my dear: you looks all creemed with the cold, and as wisht as can be."

"Here, take a drop o' that," said one of the men, pushing a glass of steaming grog toward her, while the others moved up on the settle so as to leave the seat nearest to the fire vacant. "Don't be afeard of it: 'tis as good a drop o' sperrits as ever was paid toll for—eh, Mrs. Webber?" and he gave a significant wink toward the buxom landlady, whose jolly, rubicund face and stout, though not ungainly, figure were quite in keeping with their background of ornamental kegs, glasses and bottles filled with cordials and liquors seldom seen except in houses

frequented by wealthy and well-to-do people.

The fear of giving offence made Eve raise the glass to her lips, but the smell, forcibly reminding her of the remedies which had been pressed upon her during her recent voyage, so overcame her that she was obliged to hastily set it down, with a faintly-spoken apology that she wasn't feeling very well, as she had only just come off the sea.

"Have 'ee come with Capen Triggs, then? Not all the way, for sure?"

"Yes, I've come all the way from London."

"Have 'ee, though? And where be goin' to? who's your folks here, eh?"

"I'm going to Polperro," replied Eve, somewhat amazed at her interlocutor's outspoken curiosity: "I have an uncle living there."

"Her's own niece to Zebedee Pascal," broke in the landlady, who, having by this time learnt from Captain Triggs all he knew of Eve's history, was unwilling that the first batch of news should be given out by any other than herself. "Her mother's a-died, and her's left all alones, and Zebedee's wrote to her to come down to Polperro and bide with they so long as ever her likes, or for good and all if her's so minded to. He'd ha' come for her hisself, but they ain't a-landed yet; so he's sent word in by Sammy Tucker that her's to go back with he. 'Twas never thought they'd be so late in, so Sammy was all ready to start by four o'clock; though now, when 'tis nigh 'pon the stroke o' six, he ain't to be found no place."

"Why, I knows where he's to," said one of the audience. "I seed un, as I come up along, sittin' into my cousin Joe's;" and, moved by the look of weary anxiety on Eve's face, he added, "Why, if 'ee likes I'll run and see if he's there now, shall I? and tell un to look spry too, for 'tain't every day he's got the chance o' car'yn' such a good-lookin' young woman up behind un."

The compliment, half-sheepishly spoken, brought the color into Eve's pale face, and it deepened as the eyes of each one present were turned in her direction.

"'Tis a purty-faced maid, surely," was buzzed about the room, until the landlady, out of pity for Eve's confusion, gave a dexterous twist to the conversation by saying, "I can't father her on any o' the Pascal folks, though, they're all such a dark-featured lot; 'ceptin' 'tis Adam, and he's as fair as he's franty."

A general nod had just given consent

to the truth of these remarks when the man who had volunteered to fetch Eve's escort arrived, accompanied by him and Captain Triggs, who had run down to take another look at how things were going on on board the "Mary Jane," and lend a hand in bringing up Eve's box.

"Well, here you be at last then," exclaimed Mrs. Webber with a nod of remonstrance at Sammy Tucker's unexplained absence: "'tis a hunderd to one her hasn't gone to Polruan afore this — slippin' off and nobody able to tell where you're to. I wouldn't ha' bin in your shoes, I can tell 'ee, if you'd ha' had to shaw your face to Joan Hocken and nothin' better than empty sacks behind 'ee."

A general laugh was caused by this sally, followed by a few more home-thrusts at Sam Tucker's expense, which made him not sorry to seem engrossed in the ceremony of an introduction, which Captain Triggs briefly effected by giving him a lurch in Eve's direction, as he said:

"There lies yer cargo, Sammy; and my advice is, get it aboard and up stick and away so quick as you're able."

"Hope I see 'ee well, miss," said Sam, trying to recover his equilibrium after falling against two men whose heads he had brought rather sharply together.

"I say, young chap, where might you be a-steering to, eh?" exclaimed one; while the other, with a very decided anathema, hoped that he might have no more of that sort of game, or he'd know the reason why — words spoken in a tone which made Eve move with greater alacrity than she had before thought possible, and, nodding a shy farewell to those around her, she hastily moved from her seat out to the space in front of the bar, where another five minutes had to be spent in declining the various cordials which Mrs. Webber was bent upon fortifying her with. Then the horse had to be brought round, and the boxes carried to a place of safety until some boat was found to convey them to Polperro; and finally Captain Triggs put in his head and announced all ready for starting.

"But I'm never to go like that?" exclaimed Eve, agast at seeing nothing but the small horse on which Sam Tucker was already mounted. "Oh, I can't! Why, I should be certain to fall off: I was never upon a horse in my life."

"No reason why you shouldn't begin now, my dear," laughed the landlady, who had accompanied Eve to the door. "Why, what be feared of? Bless the maid!

'Tis only to hold tight on by Sammy, and you'll be right 'nuf."

"But my box? how's that to go? Oh, I thought surely they'd have sent a cart."

"A cart?" echoed a voice from among the party, all of whom had come from within to witness Eve's departure. "I say, Sammy, how many carts has thee got to Polperro, eh?"

"Why, wan," answered Sammy, stolidly.

"And when you wants he you puts un in a boat and pulls un round, doan't 'ee?"

This observation seemed to afford much merriment, which Mr. Tucker not relishing, he called out, "Come, miss: us must be thinkin' about goin', you know."

"Iss, that you must," said Captain Triggs, decisively. "Now put your foot there, and I'll give 'ee a hoist up;" and, suiting the action to the words, he all but sent Eve over the other side.

This little lurch, as the captain called it, was, however, soon remedied; and before Eve had time to enter another protest, the horse, weary of standing, put an end to the matter by setting off with a very tolerable amount of speed; and away they went, clattering along the narrow length of North Street, Eve far too frightened to be able to think of anything beyond how best she might keep tight hold of her companion.

At length, to her momentary relief, they stopped, but only for a moment; for Sammy, discovering that the ferry-boat was on the point of starting, gave vent to some vigorous halloos, which he kept up until, by dint of "Gee up's," "Come hither, then," and "Woa's," they at last found themselves safely standing in the capacious ferry-boat.

"Be 'ee goin' to get down?" asked the ferryman.

But before Eve could answer his companion bawled out, "Noa, noa: let be where her is: the watter's comin' in so fast we'm knee-deep here already."

"Her's gotten a leak in her some place," said the first man, by way of apology for his mate's impetuosity. "I can't think where 'tis to, though, and us haven't time to lay her up by daylight to see, neither; but I reckon us had better do so 'fore long, or 'er'll carry us all to bottom. Her's drawing watter now most powerful strong."

"Wa-al, you wun't get no toll from we 'less you car's us safe," piped a chorus of voices from the women in the stern, where they sat huddled together, trying to keep

their feet out of the water, which flowed in with every length the boat took.

"The young woman up there's got the best of it, I think," said one of them.

"And so her seemeth to think, too," said the outermost of the party, "to look how her's houldin' on to un. Why, do 'ee think you'm goin' to lost un in cross-in', my dear?" she said, addressing Eve, who heard her words, although she heeded not, for life must be secured, though it were by holding on with might and main to Sammy Tucker's back.

So the women laughed and Sammy simpered, but Eve neither spoke nor relaxed her hold until they were out of the boat, up the steep hill, and fairly jogging quietly along what seemed, by comparison, a level road.

Then Eve ventured to turn her eyes from her companion's dusty coat and cast them timidly around. Even in the open country the light had by this time begun to fade away, so that between the high narrow hedges along which their road lay it was gray and shadowy. Mile after mile was passed, with nothing more to be seen than walls of tangled briars and brushwood, whose outstretched trails Eve had constantly to shrink back from.

Sometimes a gate or opening would disclose the undulating country beyond, the white mists hanging thick and low over the slopes of turnips or stubble. Fortunately for her, her companion was not given to loquacity, so that, except when by a wave of his short stick he signified that this farm was Poljan and that Withers, or that the dark object rising on the right was Lansallos church, "where they all lies buried to," he preserved a merciful silence, thus affording Eve the full liberty of inwardly groaning at the misery she endured by being jolted over the rough stones with which the old pack-horse road was promiscuously strewn.

"It seems a very long way," she said at last, as, after reaching the foot of a particularly steep descent, they seemed about to enter a valley shut in by what to Eve looked like mountains. "Is that the sea?" she added eagerly as a sound of water fell upon the ear.

"The say'?" repeated Sammy; "Lor' bless 'ee, there ain't no say here: that's the watter," he explained, raising his voice, for the stream seemed for a minute to be running a race with them. "Up back there"—and his unexpected turn nearly sent Eve into the road—"the mill is. That's where I lives to, with Joan's mother: her married my feyther—only

feyther's dead now, so th' mill's mine. Uncle Zebedee's wife was Joan's mother's sister, so that's why her lives with un; and as you'm his niece too, they axed me to bring 'ee home. They didn't think ye'd bin so late in, d'ee see, or I reckon they ha' sent word for 'ee to bide the night at Mrs. Webber's."

Interested in this explanation of her new family ties and the relation they bore to one another, Eve was about to inquire if she should see Joan and what she was like, when Sammy, catching sight of the distant lights, was fired by the laudable ambition of making a good entry into the village which they were now fast approaching; and, giving a vigorous application of his stick, away went the horse past a row of houses, through the open hatch-doors of which Eve caught glimpses of domestic interiors and social groups evidently disturbed by the horse's clatter, for at the sound they jumped up, peered out into the darkness and flung after them an inquiring "Good-night?"

"Iss, good-night: 'tis only me," roared Sammy, an answer which was apparently satisfactory, as the next "good-nights" sounded more hearty and cheerful.

Then a sudden narrowing of the road, and they were in the street, had turned a corner, forded a stream, and oh—welcome *finale*!—had come to their journey's end; and before Sammy could apply the knob of his stick the house-door had opened, a stream of light from within was sent out into the street, discovering a girl, who after a moment's hesitation ran to the horse's side, tiptoed up to seize hold of Eve's hands, exclaiming in a pleasant voice as she did so, "Why, is this Eve? I'm Joan Hocken, so we'm kind o' cousins, you know. Why, whatever have they bin doin' with 'ee till this time o' night? I was looking for 'ee hours agone. There, wait till us gets a stool, my dear, and then you'll be able to step down easy."

Eve tried to return this greeting with as much cordiality as she could command, but no great strain was put upon her, for Joan asked a dozen questions without waiting for half of them to be answered; and by the time Eve had managed to extricate herself and her garments, had stepped down and stretched her cramped limbs, Joan was in full possession of all that had taken place during the state of expectancy which had preceded her arrival.

"Take care o' the step," said Joan, pushing open the hatch-door for Eve to

enter, while she lingered behind to aim a few parting arrows at Sam Tucker, in whom Joan's presence seemed to have aroused the power of continued laughter.

The opportunity thus afforded Eve spent in casting a look round the room, a moderately-sized one, but unusually narrow for its length. A cheerful fire burnt on the hearth, and the light of its fierce, bright blaze played on the walls, one side of which was taken up by an elaborately-furnished dresser, while in an opposite corner stood a capacious glass cupboard. The rest of the furniture was of a fashion far above anything Eve had expected to see; so that, without being able to bestow much separate notice on the things individually, the effect produced was a sudden thought that her uncle must be much better off than she had imagined him to be. This made her wonder where he was, and, Joan coming in at the moment, she said, "Isn't Uncle Zebedee at home? Sha'n't I see him to-night?"

"No, the boats is away, and us don't 'spect no news of 'em till to-morrow or next day, so us two 'll have to put up with wan 'nother's company till then, and oft-times after if you bides here; which I hope," she added, smiling, "you will when you comes to know us a bit better."

Eve looked up to show that she appreciated this kindly speech, and their eyes meeting, they let them linger for an instant while each made a shy inspection of the other's personal appearance.

Joan was a bright-faced, good-looking girl, with quick dark eyes and a white skin which no exposure seemed able to tan; she was rather below the middle height, and had a round, compact figure which was set off to advantage by her quilted petticoat and handsome colored chintz gown, the style and pattern of which had immediately caught Eve's notice; the handkerchief, too, which was tucked into her bodice was many degrees finer than anything Eve possessed; and, to crown all, the cap which she wore was actually trimmed with real French lace. In the surprise caused by the sight of such an unexpected display Eve entirely forgot what Joan's face was like, while Joan, who generally took in the complete costume of any one before her, had not even noticed that Eve's dress was plain after a fashion very unusual in those parts. Her eyes were still resting admiringly on the face before her, struck by its being quite unlike any she had ever seen: the delicately-cut features, the fair yet not white

skin, the deep-set eyes with their drooping fringe of black lashes, all had a separate charm for Joan.

"Don't 'ee never have no color?" she said, putting the question which arose to her mind.

"Color?"

"Iss—in yer cheeks, I mean."

"Oh no;" and Eve put up both her hands as if trying to remedy the defect. "I don't know how it is," she said, "that I'm so pale and fallow-looking."

"Saller! do 'ee call it?" laughed Joan: "I wishes I was saller, then. I b'lieve if I was to drink whole tubs of vinegar—and I have drunk quarts," she nodded emphatically—"I should still have a color like a piney. But there! you may get your health better away from the town; and if so you won't want to go back never no more, will 'ee?"

The coaxing tone of voice said so much more than the words that Eve, unused to the sweet singing cadence of a West-country voice, felt grateful to the girl for her kindly feeling. "If they're all like you I'm sure I shall like to stay as long as you want me to," she said with a little quaver; "but there's uncle to know yet. I'm such a stranger to you all," she sighed, "that I don't know anything about anybody—who they are, nor nothing."

"Oh, that's soon made straight," exclaimed Joan, well pleased at any opportunity that allowed her tongue to run. "You sit down there now"—and she pulled forward a large stuffed elbow-chair—"and have your tay, and that comfortable, and I'll tell 'ee all about our folks. First there's Uncle Zebedee. Well, there's only one o' his sort goin', so 'twould be waste o' time to tell up about he. He'll be better to 'ee than twenty fathers, though Adam's got no cause to say that. Adam's his son, us two maidens' cousin."

"Who's Adam?" asked Eve, more for the sake of showing a polite attention than out of any particular interest she felt in the conversation, for the sense of ease produced by the comfortable seat and refreshing tea was beginning to take effect: a lazy indifference to anything that did not necessitate exertion was stealing over her, and though she repeated, "Oh, my cousin, is he?" it came upon her as a fact of no importance, and just after that there came a blank for a moment, and then the room here suddenly changed to the one she had left behind, and it was no longer Joan but Reuben May sitting opposite to

her. A jerk of her nodding head and this transformation was upset, and Eve opened her eyes with a sudden stare which made Joan burst into a laugh as she jumped up, saying, "Why, I declare you've bin to sleep; and no wonder too, poor saw! after the time you've had of it. Come 'longs, and let's be off to bed, and I'll tell 'ee the rest to-morrow."

"Don't think that I was asleep," said Eve, making an effort to rouse herself. "I only shut my eyes for a minute, but I heard all you were saying."

Joan laughed doubtfully.

"I did indeed," urged Eve. "'Twas something about Adam: he's my cousin, isn't he?"

"'Iss, that's all right," laughed Joan: then, stooping to pick up Eve's cloak and hood, she looked in her face for a moment, give a little pinch to her cheek, and said as she did so, "And I wonder whatever he'll think of his new-found relation?"

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Eve awoke to find that much of her fatigue was gone, and in its place a languid depression was left, often the sequence to an undue amount of exertion. She got up and dressed herself, but the feeling still had possession of her; so that when, on going downstairs, the woman who did the rough work of the house told her that Joan had just stepped out for a few minutes—"Her said her'd be back in half an hour to most"—Eve, with the hope that the air might freshen her, decided that she too would go for a little stroll. Finding herself outside the house, she stood for a few moments debating which would be the best way to go—up or down, or across over the narrow bridge under which the brook, swollen by recent rain, was impetuously flowing. It could not matter much, and, influenced by the novelty of walking across the water, she retraced the street by which on the previous night she had made her entry into the village. Here it struck her that it would be a pity to go over exactly the same ground again; so at the corner she turned her steps up the hill, until, some yards farther on, the road becoming again divided, she took the left-hand path, and found herself all at once in the midst of a labyrinth of houses, some of which went up steps, some went down: some were tolerably large, others barely more than huts. But, however the external part of their dwellings might differ, the

inhabitants seemed actuated by one spirit, which led them to leave off doing whatever they might be about, run to the door and openly stare at the stranger. "Comed last night," "Sammy Tucker," "Zebedee Pascal's own niece," were whispers which came floating past Eve as she hurried on, rather put out of countenance by finding herself the object of such general observation. At another time she would have been far less affected, but now her spirits were low and uneven, and it was an unspeakable relief to her to find herself past the houses and between a long, low shed, which formed part of a building-yard, and a heap of piled-up, roughly-hewn blocks of stone, over which some children were running, too engrossed in their play to pay any heed to Eve.

"How foolish of me to take notice of such things!" she said to herself reprovingly; and then the feeling of loneliness came over her again with redoubled strength. She would not admit to herself that she was regretting that she had left her home, and with a determination to give no place to such a doubt, she tried to busy herself by thinking if the room would be all right and her furniture safe, and Reuben kind to the cat, which, though an animal he abominated, he had promised to take care of for her sake.

For her sake! Yes, Reuben would do most things that she asked him: he was indeed a dear, kind friend to her, and she almost wondered what she could want altered in him. He loved her, did all he could to please her, only asked for her to care for him in return; and did she not do that? A tenderness such as she had never felt before stole into Eve's heart. It was as if the yearnings which from afar Reuben was sending after her were being answered: an instant more and an echo would carry back to him the opensesame to her love, of whose birth that soft, fluttering sigh seemed the herald.

Surely nobody was watching her? Eve looked up with the coy bashfulness of a maiden who fears she has betrayed her secret, and at the sight which met her eyes a cry of sudden surprise escaped her, for there lay the sea, the vast, dashing, wave-ridden sea, which must be spreading out away far beyond that hill which, overhanging it, hid it from her sight. A moment's pause, and then at full speed, with a pent-up impatience which made her avert her eyes so that she might look no more until she had reached the top and could command the whole, Eve ran forward, never stopping

until, the height reached, she stood with an awed face, and, slowly turning, gazed upon the scene spread out before her.

To right, to left, around, above, below, the sea and sky mirrored each other, both vast and fathomless and blue, save where they mingled and together framed themselves within a belt of silvery light.

A tremor ran through the girl's slight frame, her whole body quivered with emotion: the glory of that longed-for sight mastered her, its grandeur overpowered her, and, clasping her hands, she flung herself down against the slope and let her tears come unrestrained until, her sobs abating, her heart seemed eased, and she was able to look around her with returning calmness.

From the point on which she stood not a habitation was to be seen: the cliffs, which, grass-crowned and green, were kissed by the clouds above, ran broken and bare down to the sea below, their gray base lapped and washed by the foaming waves; the wind, soft but cool, told tales of having lingered by the gorse and played upon the thyme, a fresh scent from which came up in sweet reproach, trodden under by the footsteps. Eve was at length unwillingly obliged to turn toward the house.

With many a lingering look behind, slowly she came along until, some half-way down the steep descent, the little village opened into view.

Many a year has passed away since Eve Pascal stood arrested by the beauty of that scene. Towns have dwindled into hamlets, villages have been turned into cities: in not a few places the very face of the earth is so changed that men would stand strangers on the spot where they lived and died. But not so here: a street added to, a road made, a few houses more or less, and Polperro now is as Polperro then—quaint, picturesque, and hidden from the world around. Clustered on the ledges of the rock, "the village coucheth between two steep hills" forming the entrance to a narrow, winding valley shut in by high slopes with craggy summits. As a foreground spreads out the sea, its force held back on one side by the hill descending headlong into its water, and on the other by the peak whose pinnacles stand towering black and bare.

All this is still the Polperro of to-day, but the people are changed into a quiet, simple fishing-folk, with nothing but a dim memory, fast fading out, of those men and women of a bygone day who made and broke laws according to the

code they themselves had instituted; were bound together by their given word, which none had ever broken; punished a thief and scorned a lie; with hearts as honest and consciences as clear as if they had never heard of a free-trader and were ignorant of what was meant by a "good run of goods."

Sheltered from observation, with a safe and commodious harbor, most difficult of approach save to the amphibious population reared amid its rocks, Polperro seemed marked out as a stronghold for the life of daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes in which the hardy, reckless sailors of that time revelled.

The rage for excitement then manifested in London and the great towns by a pervading spirit of gambling, highway robbery, and betting, had spread itself into the country under cover of poaching, and reached the coasts in the shape of smuggling; and how could a pursuit be dishonest or disgraceful in which, if all did not bear the risks, none refused the benefits?

The rector and the magistrate drank the brandy, their wives and daughters wore the lace and gossiped over the tea: even the excise-officer shouldered the tub laid at his door, and straightway became blind to all that was going on around him. It could hardly need more than this to satisfy minds untutored and consciences not burdened by scruples that, though their trade might be unlawful, the offence was venial; and so universally had this spirit worked and spread in Polperro that at the time when Eve came among them, by whatever trade they might call themselves, a common interest bound the whole community together: the farmer, the miller, the smith, the shopkeeper, each had his venture; the serving-man or maid brought his or her hoard, the child its little nest-egg, trusting it to the keeping of those who were sure to turn the slender store to fortunate account.

The aged and infirm watched the sign of a land of goods with eager interest, for the workhouse and parish relief was unknown, and those past labor supported themselves by the sale of articles brought to them free of freight.

If Eve's father had ever entered into any details of this life—from which a press-gang had taken him, and to which his early death had prevented his returning—Mrs. Pascal had never thought fit to repeat them to her daughter; and when Eve left London it was with the conviction that she was going to her

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uncle, a fisherman, whose means she expected to find slender, and his abode as humble as the one she was leaving behind her.

Weakened by fatigue as on the previous night her powers of observation were, she could not help being struck by the visible marks of superiority in the furniture and a plenty amounting to extravagance on the table. Then Joan's dress and lace cap only increased the bewilderment, so that, though politeness checked its utterance, her mind was full of curiosity, which she felt she had no right to satisfy by taking advantage of Joan's evident weakness for giving information.

Until the previous evening when the two girls met, Eve had known nothing about Joan except that her uncle's letter had said that she wouldn't be alone in the house, as his late wife's niece lived there and looked after things for him. For some reason the idea which Eve had formed in her mind about this niece was that she must be a sober, sedate, middle-aged person; and it was no small relief to her to find that she had been completely mistaken, and had for a companion the bright, merry-faced girl who now, as she reached a before unperceived bridge, darted toward her, exclaiming, "Well, for certain I thought you'd run home agen, or was pisky-laid or something. Why, wherever had 'ee got to? When I went away I left 'ee sleeping as fast as a top."

"Is it late? have I been long?" asked Eve. "Oh, I am sorry: I didn't think I'd stayed hardly a minute after I'd got to the top, but it is so lovely! Oh, I could spend my day looking at it."

"Looking at it?" repeated Joan: "looking at what? Where have 'ee been to the top to? Why, the maid's mazed," she laughed: "there's nothin' up there to look at."

"Nothing to look at?" exclaimed Eve reproachfully, "and the beautiful lovely sea all around you?"

"Well, but if there is, there's nothin' 'pon it. Awh, my dear, if you'm so fond of looking out and watching the say, wait a bit 'til the boats is coming in: that's the time. And I'll tell 'ee what we'll do this afternoon, if so be you'm so minded: us'll go up top o' Hard Head, and if us catches sight o' 'em comin' in we'll run down so fast as can and tell the news, and you shall have *kimbly* for telling it. Why, don't 'ee know what *kimbly* is, then?" she said, seeing by Eve's face

that she did not understand her. "'Tis the present you gets for being the first to bring word that the boats be in sight: then they knaws 'tis all right;" and she nodded her head significantly. "Some o' the women are such poor saws, always fainty-hearted and thinking their men's certain to be took."

"Took where?" asked Eve innocently.

But instead of answering her Joan only said laughingly, "Oh, away, any place, back o' beyond or somewheres near it. But come 'longs home, do, or 'twill be dinner-time afore breakfast's over."

At breakfast the bountiful supply which appeared again raised Eve's surprise, and she could not refrain from saying, in a voice which betrayed her wonderment, "Are we going to have tea again?"

"Yes," said Joan. "Why, don't you like it?"

"Oh, I like it, only it's so dear."

"Not in this place," interrupted Joan. "If we minded to we might be drinking tay all day long: ah, not only tay, but rum and brandy as much as you like to call for. It's only to ask and to have, and cut and come again, in uncle's house."

"I didn't think to find things any way like that," said Eve. "I thought," she added hesitatingly, "that uncle would be more the same as most working folks are, not over well-to-do."

"Oh, isn't he, though?" returned Joan with an evident pride of relationship. "Why, besides his two boats he's got a farm and land, and houses too, and this house stuffed from top to bottom with everything you can tell up about—silver plate, Indjy china and glass, and I don't know what all. Nice pickings for Adam's wife whenever he chooses to take one," she added, with satisfaction at the visible surprise her communication was producing.

"Adam isn't married, then?" said Eve.

"No, there's a chance for *you*," and Joan gave a little laugh, followed by a grave-toned "and a very good one too, if th' other men look at 'ee with my eyes. Adam's one that over-vallies everything he hasn't got, and never cares a button for what's his'n. But there! he's spoilt, ye know, by all the maidens here runnin' after un, and ready to go down on their bended knees if he but so much as holds up his finger to 'em. I'd never let no man say that o' me," she said, the quick color mantling into her face. "I'd die for his love 'fore I'd be kept alive by his pity. That's what my mother calls my masterful sperrit, though," she said, try

ing to divert Eve's attention from thinking that her declaration was influenced by any personal feeling.

"Yes, till last night I didn't know you'd got a mother," said Eve. "Uncle Zebedee wrote in his letter that a niece kept house for him, so I thought perhaps you were like I am;" and she glanced down at her black dress.

"Well, I don't know that I'm much better off. Father was Uncle Zebedee's chum, and mother was Aunt Joanna's sister, so when father died and mother married again Aunt Joanna took me; and somehow I don't seem as if I belonged to mother; and I'm very glad I don't, neither, for I couldn't abide to be pitched among such a Methodist lot as she's married into."

"My mother was very drawn toward the Methodists," said Eve gravely: "she didn't live to be a member of them, but she dearly loved going to their chapel."

"Well, I don't mind the chapel-going, 'cos o' the hymn-singin' and that: it passes the time Sundays, 'specially come winter, when, 'ceptin' 'tis for a weddin' or a funeral, t' seems ridiklous to toil all the way up to church. But there! I'm done with the Methodies now: I sha'n't never have no opinion o' they agen."

"And for why?" asked Eve.

"Well, I'll tell 'ee for why: what right has one o' their praichers from Gwennap Pit, a man as had never set foot in Polperro before, to spy out uncle and fix upon un to make a reg'lar set at, tellin' up 'bout the smugglers and all Mr. Wesley had wrote agen 'em? Mr. Wesley may be all very well, but he isn't everybody; and if so be he says what they puts down to un, why, all I can say is, 'twas better he was mindin' his own business."

"But what need uncle take offence for?" said Eve. Then, with a quick resolve to set her doubts at rest, she added, "I can't see what it had to do with him. Uncle hasn't got anything to do with the smuggling, has he?"

"Well, that's best known to uncle himself," said Joan, rising from the table. "Only mind this, Eve: whenever you hear people talking anything against what they don't know nothin' about, you just tell 'em that you've got an uncle and cousin as never did a thing they was ashamed of in their lives. And to be set 'pon like that—in a chapel, too, where you'm forced to sit still with yer mouth shut—'twas no wonder that uncle swored he'd never set foot inside no such place agen; though 'tis very hard 'pon me, after

havin' got un to go there, and now Sundays 'tis drink, drink, as bad as iver."

Eve's heart sank within her: a thousand undefined fears took possession of her mind, casting their shadows on her troubled face, which Joan, quick to note, tried to clear away by saying, "Awh, you know what men be when a passel of 'em gets together, and there's nothin' more to do but tellin' up th' old stories over and over agen: then every time they can't think of nothin' else 'tis empty their glasses. And uncle's one who's all very well so long as he's had nothin' or he's had enough; but betwixt and between you might walk with yer head in yer hand, and then 'twouldn't be right. Jerrem's the only wan that can manage un at they times and sich."

"'Jerrem'?" repeated Eve: "who's he? another cousin?"

"Well, yes and no; everybody belongs to Jerrem, and he belongs to nobody."

"Why, how can that be?" laughed Eve.

"Why, cos he can't claim blood with none o' us here, nor, so far as he knows, with none no place else. He was washed ashore one Christmas Eve in th' arms of a poor nigger-black, who never fetched the shore alive. 'Twas more than twenty year agoen, on a terrible night o' weather: the coast for miles was strewed with wrecks. I can't tell 'ee how many ships was washed ashore in Whitsand Bay, and all about up to there. To one of 'em the poor black man must ha' belonged, and tried to save his life and the child's too; though he couldn't ha' bin his own, neither, for Jerrem's skin's as clear as yours or mine. He was naught but a baby like, I've heerd 'em say, and couldn't spake a word. Oh, but Aunt Joanna she did love him dearly, though: 'twas she gived un the name o' Christmas, through it being Christmas Day when ole Uncle Jeremy, what used to live to the Point, runned in and dropped un in her lap. 'There, missis,' he says, 'I've a-broffed 'ee a Christmas box.' So they took and called un Jeremiah Christmas, and that's his name to this very day; and he don't awn to no other, only we calls un Jerrem for short. Poor aunt! I've a-heerd her tell scores o' times o' the turn she got when she saw 'twas a baby that th' ole chap had dropped."

"Had they got any children of their own then?"

"Awh, yes. Adam was a good big boy, able to talk and rin about; and the little toad had got a jealous heart inside

un then, for the minnit he seed aunt kissin' and huggin' the baby he sets up a screech, and was for flyin' at un like a tiger-cat; and to aunt's dyin' day he could never abide seein' her make much o' Jerrem."

"That wasn't showing a very nice disposition, though," said Eve.

"Well, no — no more it was; still, I've often wished aunt would do other than she did, and not be so tooked up with Jerrem's coaxin' ways as she was, for with all his kissin' and cossetin' of her, when her was lain low, poor saw! 'twas easy to see which heart had been most full of love for her. But there, we'm all as we was made, ye know — some to show and some to feel."

From the *Supplément Littéraire du Figaro*.

MANDRIN, A DESPERADO OF THE LAST CENTURY.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

IN almost every book of French history or biography that treats of the first half of the last century, mention is made of Mandrin, the famous bandit and smuggler, who with an organized band of followers lived first in the mountains of Dauphiné, and afterwards in those of Savoy. Victor, Marquis de Mirabeau, writing to his brother the bailli at his government in Guadaloupe in 1752, and prognosticating the tempest gathering over France, says, "Mandrin, the head of the smugglers, has routed two regiments or detachments, killed thirty-five men, wounded many, and taken three officers."

There exists in a private library in Paris a very rare old pamphlet, written the year after Mandrin was broken on the wheel, by some one who was perfectly acquainted with his story. Around the known facts of his history have sprung up many fables, and it may be interesting to trace, by the help of the old pamphlet writer, the career of a celebrated robber of the old school.

He was born at Saint Etienne de Saint Geoirs in Dauphiné, on May 30, 1714, and received the name of Louis. His father was of low condition, and got a precarious living partly by theft. Some counterfeiters, however, taught him their business, after which he felt himself upon the road to fortune, but he was soon betrayed to the police, fired on the *gardes champêtres* sent to capture him, and was killed in return by one of them.

Young Louis, on hearing of his father's death, vowed vengeance against the authorities. He began by acquiring the art of coining. He was rapidly gaining reputation when the war of 1733 broke out, and he enlisted in the army.

He made a good soldier at first, but soon grew tired of discipline, and deserted with two of his comrades. His captain, who had taken a liking for him, would neither denounce him to the authorities as a deserter, nor erase his name from the muster roll, hoping by kindness to win him back to his colors. Mandrin had meantime returned to his old employment of counterfeiting, and was as successful as ever. The kindly captain having come on business of his own into the neighborhood of Saint Etienne, sent for a younger Mandrin, and informed him that if Louis did not rejoin his regiment in a week, it would be his duty to send his name in to the authorities.

Mandrin on hearing this became very angry. He set spies at once on the movements of his officer, and found that on his way back to his regiment he would pass through a wild mountain gorge attended by one servant only. Mandrin rode armed to this spot and waited for his coming. As soon as he saw him he went to meet him, and humbly begged him not to be his ruin. He offered him money enough to buy a substitute, and pointing to a little farmhouse on the hillside, where he said his mother lived, he begged him to go in there, and to draw up the necessary papers. The first crime of Mandrin was the most atrocious in his life. The officer accepted the proposal without suspicion. As soon as he was entangled in the windings of the path, Mandrin drew close to him and fired a pistol. He fell, and before the servant could turn his horse or draw a pistol from his holster he too was shot dead at his master's side.

At this point in his story the old pamphleteer makes a pause to describe the subject of his narrative. "Mandrin had talent," he says, "great skill, and wonderful good fortune. He had natural eloquence, and could talk over those he desired to win. His imagination was active, he had courage to plan great enterprises, and boldness to execute them. He never hesitated at any crime that he thought necessary to carry out his projects, especially if they had to do with any schemes of revenge. And yet there was a soft side to his character. He looked innocence itself. Only when you

gazed full into his eyes could you detect the savage temper which broke forth in moments of rage. He was always talking about probity and honest men, but nobody ever possessed less honesty than he did. He was tall and well made; with black hair, heavy eyebrows, an aquiline nose, regular features, a broad chest, handsome legs, and prodigious muscular development.

The old biographer goes on to say that he was not insensible to the tender passion; indeed his first attack of the love-malady was violent and excessive.

A rural gentleman had died, and left two lovely daughters. Mandrin fell madly in love with the younger one. He ventured to write to her clandestinely, and to send her presents. They were returned to him. This rejection of his suit filled him with despair. One of his men seeing something had gone wrong with him asked him what was the matter; and Mandrin made him his confidant. The brigand, who was a keen observer, said in reply, "I see why she will not listen to you. She is noble. You of course have not told her much about yourself. Take my advice; visit her family; call yourself Monsieur du Mandrin, talk about 'my estates,' 'my servants,' 'my horses,' 'my carriages.' They are simple, inexperienced country folk, you will soon take them in, and love will flourish under shelter of your nobility."

"You have opened my eyes!" cried Mandrin. "I begin to see that my connection with the people ill suits the rank and pride of her I love. Henceforward I am Monsieur du Mandrin. But can I keep up the character?"

"That's easy enough, my captain. Get a lackey, give him orders to call you Monsieur le Baron incessantly, appear at your ease; frown on everything that savors of vulgarity; do not acknowledge acquaintance with any one you ever knew; be liberal of monosyllables; stroke your chin; lounge back in an armchair; start up abruptly humming a tune, and when you walk throw all your weight, not on your heels, but on your toes. Then all her relations will be sure to say, 'This man is of distinguished birth, no common person would so conduct himself in the presence of noblemen.'"

Mandrin carried out these instructions. It helped his suit greatly to be supposed a baron. He was considered to have the "guinea stamp;" and the next time he spoke of love there was no talk of dismissing him. Isaura — the young lady —

loved him with heart and soul. Meantime business was not neglected. Coining and smuggling went briskly on, but Mandrin began to feel the need of some secure and comfortable retreat for himself and for his band, where they might be safe from the prying eyes of the *maréchaussée*.

One of his followers — Roquairol by name — who took part in all the adventures of his captain, showed him one day a handsome château, which had belonged to an old *procureur* or attorney-at-law.

It was situated on high ground, had a deep moat and several towers, casemates, and underground passages. While Mandrin was gazing at it, his companion informed him that its owner was just dead. "Would you like to take possession of it?" he continued. "You can have it if you will do as I tell you. In a fortnight we can be installed there."

Mandrin, who knew his follower's resources, at once put himself and his band under his orders. Roquairol, well aware of the superstitions of the neighborhood, laid his plans to turn them to his own advantage. "The chances are," he argued, "that the old attorney had plenty of ill-gotten gains. We will go at midnight and make a noise of demons through the house, knock about the furniture, and maltreat the inhabitants. The servants will all run away; no one will stay in a haunted château."

The body of the *procureur* was interred in a church of the Capucines in a neighboring village. Roquairol made a careful examination of the localities. On the evening of the funeral he got into the château with four men whom he stationed in different parts of the building. The widow sat alone in her bed-chamber, — the servants were making merry in the kitchen. Roquairol went straight to the room where the old attorney had died, and began to toss about the curtains and to overturn the chairs and tables. The widow in the next room, frightened out of her wits, rushed down to her servants' quarters. Then Roquairol began to howl aloud as if he were a soul in torment. All at once similar noises were heard in other parts of the château, and demoniac voices began quarrelling over the soul of the deceased *procureur*; flames, too (the product of some fireworks), burst forth from the four towers. Roquairol had flung a sheet over his head, painted with flames of fire. He made his appearance in the servants' rooms, brandishing a lighted torch, ac-

company by his four men, dressed like satyrs, dragging after them long chains. The maids swooned, and in another burst of fireworks the demons disappeared.

It was quite plain the poor *procureur* was in the clutches of the devil. He had been seen — he had been heard — there was no room to doubt his fate. The news spread through the mountains.

The next night Roquairol made his appearance on the terrace accompanied by fourteen devils. The widow had surrounded herself with her friends, but numbers only added to the general terror. When Roquairol and his following appeared, the women fled away and shut themselves up in a large chamber. Thither Roquairol pursued them. Some tried to escape out of the window, some fell upon their knees, some sprinkled all the place with holy water. If a drop fell on any of the devils they howled as if they had been scalded with hot oil; they stretched out their long claws as if to catch hold of the women, and rattled the chains of a figure dressed up to represent the deceased attorney. This personage kept crying in a lamentable voice, "This château was ill gotten! Woe to those who inhabit it! They shall burn as I burn! Woe to them and woe to me!"

This went on half through the night. The widow abandoned the castle about dawn, and took refuge in another part of her estate at the house of one of her farmers.

Of course the affair made a great noise in the country. Every one had his own views about it. The *esprits forts* turned it into ridicule, and said it was all nonsense. Three clergymen — a Capucin and two *abbés* — resolved to sup in the château and to pass the night there. They had eight menservants in attendance, and three women to cook for them. Roquairol felt that he was bound to get the better of this committee of investigation. He had several days for preparation. The supper was to be served in the great hall of the château. He broke an opening through the wall of this room, and covered it with boards and tapestry. He also made an entrance from a dark garret into its great chimney.

All was quiet till the guests were seated at supper. They began to think their presence had laid the ghosts, and to congratulate themselves accordingly. But at the first mouthful that they put between their lips they laid down their knives and forks and listened. The noise they heard, appeared to be behind them. They

turned and saw a monstrous bear, which, walking round the table, sniffed at the dishes. Masters and servants tumbled over one another in their fright, and all rushed to the further end of the apartment. As they fled, an ape of fearful size jumped upon the table, and upset it, putting out all the candles. Four devils came through the wall, brandishing lighted torches, eight others (dragging after them the late *procureur*) rushed upon the scene with howls and demoniac laughter. "I burn! I burn!" cried the *procureur*. "Oh! castle ill gotten! Woe to all those who dwell in thee! They shall burn! — they shall burn like me!" Next came eight other devils with pitchforks, and Mandrin himself came down the chimney in a bull's hide with immense horns, escorted by four blackamoors with torches. Altogether there were twenty-four persons. The *abbés* and the menials were wild with terror. The friar showed more nerve, until one of the devils set fire to his beard, and then ran after the others, applying his torch to their wigs and clothing. Helter-skelter, pursuing and pursued, they rushed into the court-yard. The stampede was general. The torches of the demons waved behind their backs. The devil takes the hindmost was in the minds of all of them.

After this, Roquairol remained in possession of the castle, and handed it over to Mandrin. For this service he was made lieutenant on the spot.

All kinds of precautions were taken to preserve so valuable a piece of property. Mandrin never went to bed without firing a few fuzees out of his window, and his men, from time to time, were sent into the underground passages to drag about heavy chains. In order to prevent any one from visiting the château by daylight, a sentry was always on duty, clad in the skin of the bear. The place was better guarded, says our pamphlet-writer, than the garden of the Hesperides.

Once domiciled in the château, Mandrin rapidly made progress in his vocation. He continued his counterfeiting, and took to smuggling and brigandage on a large scale. All this while he was pursuing his love affair with Isaura. He supported the character of Baron de Mandrin with great success, and completely won the hearts of the young lady and her family.

He even passed off Roquairol for a gentleman, and succeeded in winning for him a promise that he should have the hand of Isaura's sister. But on the eve

of the weddings an unexpected event overthrew these projects of marriage.

An officer of the army on his way to Grenoble heard the story of the haunted castle. He did not believe a word of it, and resolved to go and see for himself. After investigating so far as to feel certain that there was some hoax at the bottom of the affair, he put himself at the head of the rural police, and made a visit to the castle. The ghosts defended themselves bravely, and flung boiling oil on their assailants, but these proved the stronger party. The band was forced to fly, pursued in their turn by the enemy. Mandrin, in his character of baron, took refuge with Isaura, feeling sure that no one in her household would suspect him of being a captain of robbers. But one of his men betrayed him. A party of officials, disguised as burghers, came to the house, and took him into custody. Isaura thought them tradesmen from the neighboring town come to insult her lover. "What a spectacle for this poor young girl!" exclaims the biographer. "She tried to incite her servants to come forward to his rescue. They were willing to obey her, till the police stated they were acting by royal authority, and their commander asked Isaura what interest she could take in the fate of a smuggler, a counterfeiter, and a robber. Isaura made no answer. A blush betrayed her secret. She rushed to her own chamber, and her late love turned at once to scorn and rage. She tore up all the letters of her wretched lover, she stamped upon his gifts, and to hide her shame from every eye that had witnessed her affection, she took refuge in a convent that very day."

Mandrin, stupefied by the conduct of Isaura, made little or no resistance, but followed the officers to prison. The darkness of his dungeon, the insufficiency of his food, and the bitterness of his thoughts, caused him to fall dangerously ill after a few days' imprisonment. His career would have probably come to an end at this point, but for a most unexpected intervention.

The bold adventurer was already famous, and several devout ladies, moved by a missionary spirit and by feminine curiosity, asked leave to visit him in prison. In the interview that he had with them Mandrin protested that he put no faith either in God or devil, he made light of religion, and declared it was no use talking to him of conversion while his treatment was so unchristian. The pious ladies were much moved. How

could they leave to impenitence so interesting a criminal? They exerted themselves on his behalf, until at last the governor of the prison caused him to be transferred into a better cell, and treated with less rigor. Mandrin then consented to receive a priest. A good friar visited him, who was charmed with the state of mind in which he found his penitent. The ladies congratulated themselves on the blessed influences of kindness and humanity. Mandrin lost no time in making use of his improved condition to lay plans for his escape from prison. The very first evening he found himself alone in his new cell he wrenched an iron bar out of his window, and could have made his escape immediately. He did not intend to go alone, however. He got out of the window, but he made use of his liberty only to show himself at the windows of the cells of his fellow-captives. These he intended to take with him, and he wished to prepare them for his plan.

The kind ladies came next morning to see their *protégé*. "Dear sisters," he said, "a death of shame and pain will soon expiate my offences against society. Before leaving this world, which I have sullied by my sins, I would gladly perform one act of virtue. All I desire is to partake of a last meal with my men, now confined, as I am, in this prison. I think during our interview I could lead them to repentance. I shall precede them to the scaffold; would that I could teach them how calmly a true penitent can await his execution!"

Mandrin was affected to tears as he spoke thus, and so were the ladies. They promised their good offices with the governor. Accordingly they went to see him, and asked him to do a last kindness for Monsieur Mandrin. He yielded to their importunity, and granted the desired indulgence, coupled with the condition that they would keep the secret to themselves.

The guests at dusk were brought into their captain's cell. Mandrin addressed them in his new character of penitent, and appeared to use his influence over them with great effect. The docility of the audience and the eloquence of the preacher touched the heart of the jailor. He consented to pledge them in a social glass. The wine had been drugged beforehand. In a few minutes the poor man slept the sleep of the just. Mandrin locked him up in the cell, broke the fetters from the legs of his companions, opened the gates and doors, and marched

boldly out of prison, walking at the head of his band, who sang as they passed into the street. Very soon they were in the mountains, having, in the words of the French idiom, secured the key of the fields. An hour or so after they had left, a servant brought the chief of the *maréchaussée* a bunch of keys which had been flung into his room through an open window. The chief recognized the prison keys, and hastened to see what had taken place there. The robbers were all gone. A regiment was immediately sent after them, but it was too late. The jailor was incarcerated in the place of his prisoners, and the ladies received an admonition never again to interest themselves in the fate of an attractive criminal. Mandrin completed his audacity by writing a polite note to his late confessor, requesting his attendance at some future time when he should be really on his way to the scaffold.

Though the pursuit was hot, he managed to elude discovery, but, having lost his château, he had for some time no fixed place of abode for himself or his followers. He therefore had recourse to a bold expedient. He ordered four of his band to take possession of a hermitage conveniently situated on a hillside, to arrest the hermit, and to keep him in safe custody. These orders were executed, and a few hours afterwards Mandrin took possession of the hermit's cell. One of his men was already dressed in its former proprietor's robe, but they treated the holy man with great consideration, consulting him in every difficulty, and obtaining from him much knowledge of the neighborhood, and of its manners and customs.

The scheme was an entire success. The false hermit was even more popular than the true one, and soon ventured to visit the grand vicar of the diocese. He informed him with meek submission that his predecessor had been removed by an ecclesiastical superior, and asked the countenance and protection of his most reverend father, which were immediately accorded him.

Assured of the favor of the ecclesiastical authorities, Mandrin and his band settled themselves comfortably in their new quarters. Eight-and-thirty bandits brought all their belongings into the hermitage, and, under pretence of asking alms, they thoroughly explored the neighboring country.

Mandrin reorganized his band, and exerted himself to maintain strict discipline. "They had," says their historian,

"fixed rules for going out and for coming in. They dined and supped in common. Mandrin alone had a private table set at each meal for six persons, and invited five of the band by turns to keep him company. They had the best wines of the district, and excellent living. Some of them were musicians, and amused the rest during the repast. They slept from 4 A.M. to 4 P.M., and worked from 9 P.M. to bed-time. If any disputes arose they were settled by the captain and lieutenant. Any one who would not yield to their decisions was put into confinement. It is believed that several women were in the band dressed in men's clothing. But Mandrin always maintained that he never admitted any women to his hermitage except the lawful wives of a few members of his band, or two or three of their near relations. "Not for virtue's sake," adds the chronicler, "but because he was always alive to the danger and embarrassment of having anything to do with children."

He was not long left at peace in his new quarters. His exploits in the neighborhood soon brought that part of the county under suspicion. His asylum was once more invaded. He tried to escape through an underground passage connecting the hermitage with the country beyond, but the prévôt of the archers, who had been sent on the expedition, had knowledge of the outlet, and had filled up the mouth of it with a great quantity of dry brushwood, to which he set fire. The wind was high, and drove the smoke and flame back on the fugitives. Mandrin was unwilling to be burned alive. He turned back and burst into the hermitage, braving his enemies. He was knocked down, however, and again found himself in prison; this time at Grenoble, where all possible precautions were taken against the intervention of pious women. Mandrin was allowed to see no one but his judges. He was condemned to death, and led forth to execution.

The only favor he asked was to walk to the scaffold. This was granted him. His arms were pinioned and his thumbs secured with a cord. He was led thus towards the place of execution. As soon as he saw the preparations for his death, he gathered himself together, made a mighty effort, broke the ropes that bound him, overturned the confessor and the executioner, burst through the archers, lowered his head, and dashed through the astonished crowd, made for the city gate, and was soon in the mountains.

The assistants all ran after him, but he ran faster. His two brothers and many of his band were, however, put to death.

The strength required for such an escape must have been wonderful; but a few days later he was retaken in a forest about nightfall. The archers could not get him back to Grenoble that night, and were greatly alarmed lest he should again escape them. They loaded him with all the fetters, weights, and ropes they could command, and put him down into an empty cistern. They laid over the mouth of it boards and stones, and placed two sentinels on guard whom they relieved every two hours.

But Mandrin got away before morning after all. He broke his fastenings, cast off his weights, and used his handcuffs to break a hole through the side of the cistern which was dug close to a cellar. He struck a light, examined the premises, unbarred a door, and was off through the paths of the forest.

After these two marvellous escapes he organized another band of followers. He was then on the frontier of Savoy. On an open plain he set up an altar of turf and stones with seats around it for his followers, the one intended for himself being higher than the others. From this throne he addressed his men and announced that he declared war against all farmers of the public taxes, a race of publicans very odious to all men for their exactions, cruelties, and dishonesty. He then called upon his men to swear as he did. All took the oath. Mandrin walked up to the altar, drew his sword, and opened a vein in his arm; then, with his hand raised, he swore by his own blood the same hatred to tax-farmers and their tax-gatherers, that Hannibal had once sworn to the Romans.

He kept his oath, and thenceforward was a dangerous man. No words can give modern society an idea of his audacity. He and his band showed themselves at the most unlooked-for places, plundering the tax-collectors when they least expected it, and carrying away from them the money wrung, often with great cruelty, from the hands of labor.

Dauphiné, Languedoc, part of Auvergne, the Lyonnais, and the country round Mâcon, were almost under the control of the robber captain's orders. His boldness increased with his impunity. The tax-collectors began to consult his will and pleasure. He acted like a conqueror. The fame of his exploits reached Versailles. The king sent troops to restore order.

On hearing this, Mandrin displayed fresh energy and courage. He drilled his men as soldiers, and recruited his ranks from the prisons. He broke rapidly into the jails of Bourry, Roanne, Thiers, and Cluny, and, to show that he was ready to answer for what he had done, he had the prison registers everywhere brought to him, and caused a formal entry to be made in them, declaring what men he had set free, which he then signed.

On his way into Burgundy he met a detachment of Harcourt's regiment. He attacked and scattered them. He next appeared before the walls of Beaune. The citizens were under arms. Mandrin, without hesitation, assaulted their gates, and forced his way into their city. He summoned the mayor before him, and said he must levy a contribution of twenty thousand francs on the two local bureaux of the farmers of taxes. The mayor tried to remonstrate, but the tax-gatherers themselves assured him that resistance would be useless. He then yielded to necessity, and the twenty thousand francs were paid over to the conqueror.

Mandrin continued his triumphal march, successful everywhere, till his good fortune forsook him before the city of Autun. There he encountered a considerable body of the king's troops. Monsieur de Fitcher, who commanded them, summoned him to surrender. But Mandrin refused submission, and threw up earthworks for the protection of his little army. He made his men a spirited harangue, and then attacked the soldiers. In this (his last fight) he commanded as captain, but fought like a private in his army.

He was everywhere, he did everything. Three times he rallied his disordered followers, and brought them back to the charge; foaming with rage when he found they could not break the line of the enemy. At last, after furious fighting, the three divisions of his little band were scattered almost at the same moment, and Mandrin saw them taken, scattered, and slain. He made his escape at first, but fortune deserted him; one of his own band betrayed him. He was taken in the night after the battle, bound from his head to his heels, and carried into Valence May 10, 1755. Five of his comrades were confined with him in the prison of the Superior Court.

All was now over. He saw at once that this time there was no hope for him. He resigned himself to death, and met his end with courage, having confessed his crimes. It was thought at the time that

he was really penitent. He looked upon the scaffold without emotion, but without bravado, and made a dying speech to the spectators, as was the custom in those days.

He was broken on the wheel May 26, 1755, in the forty-second year of his age. A man of his noble physical organization, and in the prime of life, could not die easily, "but he gave up his life at last," says his biographer, who, in common with all Frenchmen, has no humanitarian sympathies with criminals, "with his eyes fixed upon that Heaven which frowned upon his many crimes."

From The Saturday Review.
THE TICKNOR LIBRARY, BOSTON.

"To the city of Boston, where I was born, where I have lived a long and happy life, and where I hope to die" — these are the opening words of Ticknor's bequest to his native city; and there can be no doubt that they are not mere formal words, but a genuine expression of heartfelt contentment. No one can have read the "Life, Letters, and Journals" published three or four years ago, without coming to the conclusion that the life of George Ticknor was one of enviable happiness. Its length, indeed, may be said to have been the only thing that marred its felicity; for the one cloud which overshadowed it was the sorrow inseparable from life prolonged beyond the average duration, the sorrow of surviving. He was happy in his family and happy in his friendships; he enjoyed unbroken health, and wealth amply sufficient for his tastes and desires; and he seems to have had, among other gifts, the especially happy one of winning and retaining the esteem, and something more than the esteem, of all with whom he was brought into contact. To this gift he was largely indebted for his enjoyment of European society. A cultivated American has an immense advantage on this side of the Atlantic over men of other nationalities. By the very fact that there are no artificial distinctions in his own country, he is invested with a rank which qualifies him as fully as the highest dignity or title for any Old World society, however strict its code of etiquette may be. All doors seem to have been open to Ticknor as a matter of course; and it fell to his lot to form intimate personal friendships in quarters usually beyond the range of the man of

letters. One of his warmest friends and most frequent correspondents to the last was the amiable and accomplished King John of Saxony, and even Metternich proved not merely accessible, but cordial, to the American scholar. Readers of the volumes already referred to will remember Ticknor's modest estimate of his own power of making an impression when, on the occasion of a friendly parting from Metternich, he says that of course the great statesman had forgotten his very existence half an hour afterwards; and how completely this supposition was falsified a year later by a conversation between Metternich and Humboldt, in which the prince showed that he retained a lively recollection, not only of Ticknor's society, but also of his political sagacity. But unquestionably a large part of Ticknor's happiness in life came from his favorite pursuit. It is the fortune of many a man to succeed in a pursuit which is not congenial to him, which is either not of his own choosing, or, if his choice, proves on experiment to be something very different from his ideal, and in which work, however successful, is always more or less work against the collar; and there are many men whose pursuit is thoroughly congenial, but somehow misses that recognition without which no work is ever wholly satisfactory. It was Ticknor's lot to follow a pursuit in which labor was in the highest degree pleasure, and in which he had the satisfaction of knowing that his labor was recognized and honored by all whose approval was worth winning. For this he was in a great measure indebted to the judgment and good sense of a father who deserved to have a distinguished son. It is not every father that would have yielded at once and without remonstrance to a son who made choice of a career so seemingly vague and unpractical as that of a student and scholar; but Ticknor's father did more; he gave not only consent, but also encouragement and counsel — a proof in itself of the confidence he felt in the soundness of his son's instinct.

The library which Ticknor left to the city of Boston grew out of the collection of books made in preparing his "History of Spanish Literature," which, again, had its germ in the lectures delivered by him in the course of his professorship at Harvard. As others besides Ticknor have shown — Washington Irving, Prescott, and Longfellow, for example — Spain has always had a certain attraction for the literary American, and it is not hard to see the reason. Spain is to America in

some degree what the man in armor, out of whom the family tree is represented as growing, is sometimes to one of our county families. He cannot be claimed exactly as the founder of the family; the founder of the family as it stands was the enterprising and prosperous clothworker of the time of Henry VIII., or the long-headed lawyer of Elizabeth's time, who brought the broad acres together, planted the oaks, and built the old manor-house. But, though the connection may be somewhat indefinite, the man in armor is a picturesque figure in the family annals; and there is at any rate some romance about him, while the old clothworker is wholly utilitarian and prosaic; and so in its æsthetic moments the family sentiment always inclines to the Crusader or the comrade of the Conqueror. But Ticknor had a more rational motive than sentiment to impel him to the study of Spanish literature. Except that of his own language, it is in many respects the richest and most varied literature in existence; and, without any undue disparagement of the labors of Bouterwek and Sismondi, it may be said that, when he entered upon it, the field was an unoccupied one. With Bouterwek and Sismondi, it should in justice be remembered, the literary history of Spain was only a part of a more comprehensive work, and anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subject was incompatible with the design. But, besides this, they neither of them had access to the materials requisite for the task. Bouterwek's "History" is unquestionably a meritorious work as far as it goes, but its range is very limited; its omissions extend not merely to books and authors, but to branches of literature; and in all that relates to dates, editions, and bibliographical matters, it is quite valueless as an authority. The Spanish portion of Sismondi's "Literature of Southern Europe" is still more superficial, for Sismondi had even less command of original sources, and was compelled to a great extent to rely upon Bouterwek for his facts. This is not the occasion, nor indeed is there any occasion now, for dwelling on the merits of Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature." It has taken its place as the standard book on the subject, not only in its original English, but also in French, German, and Spanish translations, enriched in the last case by the notes of Gayangos and De Vedia, which have been incorporated in the latest English editions. It may be added to, and it may be corrected, but it

will never be superseded, for the thoroughness of Ticknor's work has left no room for a successor.

What more than anything else, even more than the sound judgment of its criticisms, impresses the reader, and gives authority to the book, is the evidence of unsparing industry manifest on almost every page. Even Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" does not show a vaster array of books patiently read through and digested. The copious notes, full of bibliographical details, which are scattered through Ticknor's three volumes, are in themselves a proof of the extent of the library he used. Except Lord Holland's, there is no richer collection of Spanish books in private hands, and probably the British Museum and the Imperial Library at Vienna are the only public libraries that contain a greater number. Its formation extended over the best years of his life, and may be said to date from his boyhood; for its beginnings were a Florian's "Galatea," won as a school prize in 1804, and a copy of the Verduzen "Don Quixote" of 1673, presented to him by his friend James Freeman in 1806—volumes which will no doubt be regarded with grateful veneration by generations to come of American students. Ticknor's, as every Spanish library should, began with Cervantes, and apparently his first purchase was also a Quixote, bought at Perpignan in 1818, as he was, according to his own note, "just entering Spain." Spain, under ordinary circumstances, is by no means the best quarter in which to search for Spanish books. Ford, who was himself a keen book-hunter and knew all the hunting-grounds of the Peninsula thoroughly, warns his brother collectors in the "Handbook" against the delusion that Spanish books are to be readily picked up in their own country. In his opinion, a collector would have a far better chance of bringing together a good Spanish library in London than in Spain, and as far as certain classes of books are concerned, he is undoubtedly quite right. Original or early editions of old works in the lighter departments of Spanish literature, poetry, novels, the drama, and particularly what the Spaniards themselves call *libros de entretenimiento*, rare enough elsewhere, are especially scarce in Spain. It is among books of this class, on which the thumbs of frequent readers fall heaviest, that the mortality is always greatest in any country; but in Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries editions were generally few and small, and printed

on paper ill adapted for resisting wear and tear, while there were not many libraries or collectors to offer an asylum to the survivors. But the most potent cause of the scarcity is no doubt to be found in the deliberate and wholesale destruction which Cervantes described as nearly as he dared in the sixth chapter of "Don Quixote," when priests, women, and pious folk conspired to rid the world of mere mundane literature, and to leave a clear stage for that which the Church produced or sanctioned. That this is the true explanation will be apparent from a cursory examination of the shelves of any dealer in old books in a Spanish city. The treasure-seeker will have but a poor chance of lighting upon a *cancionero* or picaresque novel; but he may carry away with him any amount of theology, divinity, or devotion, miracles, sermons, or lives of saints, and for the most part in admirable preservation. To the lover of true books there is something irritating in the good condition of these fat, sleepy tomes. But then comes the consoling reflection that, if they are clean and well clad, with unbroken backs and unsmeared pages, it is because they have never yet had a place in the affections of man, woman, or child. There is humanity in a tattered "Quixote" or a dog-eared "Crusoe," but none about these sleek recluses. When Ticknor began his studies a student of Spanish literature was almost dependent upon his good fortune as a book-hunter. The greater classics were indeed obtainable without much difficulty; there was no lack of editions of the "Quixote," and there were some serviceable reprints from the presses of Sancha, Villalpando, and Repullés of Madrid, and Montfort of Valencí; but for a knowledge of minor authors and books he had to rely mainly on such waifs and strays as he could pick up. It is different now in Spain. However politicians may be divided among themselves, Spanish scholars have worked gallantly and cordially together in the good cause of the noble old literature of their country, and the Spanish student who is no a bibliomane, a black-letterist, or an original-edition man, and can content himself with modern type and good paper, has now most of what is valuable in it within his reach. Not to mention other spirited enterprises like that of the *Sociedad de bibliófilos españoles*, there is the grand series of the "*Biblioteca de autores españoles*," now extending to about seventy large volumes, and containing a vast portion of the literature of Spain, ed-

ited with scholarly care and judgment—a work which is not only a credit to its own country, but an example to others.

Ticknor's object in going to Spain was not, of course, merely to buy books, but also to acquire knowledge of the language, people, and country; but he had special advantages for book-collecting. Conde, the author of the "History of Arab Rule in Spain," with whom he read, and other literary friends, gave him help in the search, and it seems he was occasionally aided by priests who knew and had access to the remoter lurking-places of old literature—"rosa quo locorum sera moretur." At a later period he had the assistance of Don Pascual de Gayangos, who, besides thus aiding in the formation of the library, has, by his revision and many valuable notes, materially helped to make the catalogue a trustworthy authority on Spanish bibliography. But no doubt a large part of the collection was obtained outside of Spain, for up to the year 1852 Ticknor had friends and agents in London, Paris, Hamburg and elsewhere, always on the watch for additions to it; and such was their activity that we are told "his efforts to obtain Spanish books raised their prices in all the great book marts of the world."

All these facts, taken together, show the value of the legacy Ticknor has left to his country. A prince or a millionaire may endow a college, but it is only a cultivated scholar that can make so precious a bequest as this. In extent the library, as has been already said, is probably only surpassed by two or three collections of Spanish books. The number of volumes actually bequeathed by Ticknor was thirty-nine hundred and seven, to which fourteen hundred and fifty-two have been added since his death, in accordance with a provision in his will appropriating the interest of a sum of four thousand dollars to the increase of the library; and in the catalogue now printed by order of the trustees the Spanish and Portuguese books already in the Boston Public Library have been included, raising the total to nearly eight thousand volumes. But it is for completeness rather than for extent that this library is remarkable. Ticknor was no bibliomaniac. As the preface significantly says, "His love of collecting was always ruled by the literary element from which it sprang. Few of his books are in fine bindings or printed on large paper." What he aimed at was a library to meet the requirements of the student and the

man of letters, a working library, not a toy; and for the same reason he sought apparently to make it as representative a collection as he could. The catalogue, as Mr. Whitney, the compiler, says in the preface, does not claim to be a bibliography of Spanish literature; and those who are versed in the subject may perhaps note here and there the absence of a book or an edition which might have been looked for; but it may be safely said there is no department or section of the literature that is not abundantly represented. In the drama, the most important of all, not so much by its merit as by its bulk, the Ticknor collection is very possibly the richest in existence. Those who are familiar with Ticknor's history, and remember the large space devoted to this subject generally, and specially to Lope, Calderon, Guillen de Castro, Guevara, Montalvan, and other dramatists, will readily understand that he must have had copious materials at his command; but the treatment of the drama there gives no idea of the mass of plays registered in the catalogue either under the general heading of "*Comedias*," or under the names of their respective authors. Under the former heading there are six closely printed double-column pages, royal octavo, filled with the mere titles of plays — a fact illustrating not only the wealth of the collection, but also the fecundity of the Spanish drama, when it is borne in mind that it is only a portion of the plays produced that has been preserved in print. Another example of zeal in collecting may be found in the series of rare editions of the *Index Expurgatorius*, volumes especially necessary for a comprehension of the struggles and difficulties through which Spanish literature has passed. But perhaps the space occupied by individual authors will give a better idea of the fulness of the catalogue and the competency of the library. The various works of Lope de Vega fill rather more than six pages, and Cervantes, with translations and criticisms, takes up seven, about half of them being devoted to "Don Quixote," of which there are twenty-seven separate Spanish editions. Among these are Juan de la Cuesta's precious third edition of 1608; the second of 1605, which Ticknor in his "History" has mistaken for the first, and also Cuesta's first edition of the second part; and among the minor works are the rare "*Comedias y entremeses*" of 1615, and the still rarer "*Viage del Parnaso*" of 1614. Of book rarities there are, indeed, in the catalogue

many instances, such as the Antwerp "*Cancionero*" of 1573, Espinosa's "*Flores de poetas ilustres de España*" of 1605; Mendoza's poems, published in 1610; Quevedo's first publication, the "Life of St. Thomas de Villanueva;" the "Proverbs" of Hernan Nufies of 1619; the first edition of Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega, Barcelona, 1543; the first edition of Gongora of 1627; Antonio de Mendoza's "*Fenix Castellano*" of 1690; Don Juan Manuel's "*Conde Lucanor*," Seville, 1575; Hernan Perez del Pulgar's memoir of the Great Captain, Seville, 1527, and many more. Ticknor, however, now and then overrates the rarity of a volume, as he certainly has done in the case of the Barcelona 1757 edition of the "*Guerras civiles de Granada*," where he says that "few books are so rare." Mr. Quaritch's Catalogues, of which there are several numbers in the library, would show that it is a book which turns up not unfrequently. Nor is even the second part of that excessive rarity in old editions which he attributes to it. It is hardly necessary to observe that there are no silly book rarities recorded in this catalogue, no volume claiming to be one of the three known copies with the pagination error or the remarkable misprint that excited such keen competition at the Didot sale.

To turn from the contents of the catalogue to its construction it is evident that it has been compiled on the principles which governed the collection of the library, and that the wants of the working scholar and student have been always steadily kept in view. As an illustration of this, it will be enough to point to the "*Biblioteca de autores españoles*," a Spanish library in itself as has been already said, and as its name implies. Here the compilers, not content with giving the mere general title, or the titles of the respective volumes as "*Novelistas anteriores á Cervantes*," or "*Poetas Castellanos anteriores al siglo XV*," have set out in full the contents of each volume serialim, and have given besides cross-references under the authors' names; and in the same way they have dealt with Navarrete's "*Coleccion de documentos*" in fifty-nine volumes, the "*Semario erudito*" in thirty-four, and other comprehensive works of the same sort. It is needless to point out the saving of time and trouble to a reader effected by this. The plan and arrangement of the catalogue are, indeed, admirably adapted to this end. The compiler has never lost sight of what

should be the cardinal rule of catalogue-making—that, whether an intending reader approaches a book by the way of subject, title, author, or editor, he should either find it or else a finger-post pointing to where it may be found. It may be said, of course, that this is easy where there are only seven or eight thousand books to deal with, and that to compare a work of this sort with the catalogue of a colossal collection like the British Museum Library, or the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, is like comparing the handling of a brigade on a field-day with the command of an army in a campaign. There are, however, some minor matters in which cataloguers, on whatever scale they may work, might imitate Mr. Whitney with advantage; and one of these is the exercise of common sense in describing authors. Of course real names, assumed names, and pseudonyms must all be recorded; but catalogue-makers are too prone to the puerile pedantry of insisting, for example, on Molière's works appearing under Poquelin, or sending the Voltaire reader to the other end of the alphabet to look for him under Arouet, where not one in a thousand of those who are perfectly aware of the relation of the two names would think of going in the first instance. Our own British Museum Catalogue now and then goes even a step further. What would be thought of a catalogue which put "The School for Scandal" under the heading of "Brinsley"? And yet this is rational compared with registering all Quevedo's writings under the heading of "Gomez," the least distinctive of all the component parts of Quevedo's somewhat complex name. Spanish names are generally complicated, and their composition and currency are governed by no law, so that the common-sense rule of following the name most widely recognized is especially imperative in their case. Even in such an instance as "Montemayor," it would probably have been better had Mr. Whitney followed the general usage. Every student of Spanish literature knows that "Monte-mór" is the correct Portuguese name of the author of the "Diana;" but it was as the work of Montemayor that it was given to and has been always received by the world, and it is under that name that the vast majority of readers would first look for it.

But it is not so much for the completeness of the collection, or the care bestowed upon the catalogue, that this library of Ticknor's deserves to be noticed, as for the spirit and intention that

dictated the bequest. To some, perhaps, it may seem that the gift of a special collection of books belonging to one branch of literature, however complete in itself, and however interesting and valuable to a certain class of scholars and students, can scarcely be regarded in the light of a public benefit. Ticknor, we may be sure, was very little influenced by the expectation of posthumous fame as a public benefactor, but he took a larger view than this. His theory of the functions of the community at large and of individual donors in the formation of a public library is given in a memorandum appended to his will. He held that, while it was the duty of the public to provide the books required by the mass of general readers, collections of books needed only by small portions of the community ought to be obtained from the generosity of the persons interested in them. But if a library is to be, what every library should aim at being, an effective instrument in the promotion of mental culture, it must meet the requirements of those small sections of the community who devote themselves to special studies, and it is only the public spirit of the special collector that can enable it to do so efficiently. Ticknor's bequest to the city of Boston, regarded as he intended it to be regarded, is therefore an example offered for the imitation of collectors. Book-collecting is of itself a sufficiently fascinating pursuit; he has shown how it may gain dignity by having a purpose.

From The Saturday Review.

SMALL TALK.

PROBABLY most people have suffered at some time or another of their lives from shyness; certainly most people have marked the effects of shyness in others who find themselves plunged suddenly into a room full of strangers, and evidently wish they were anywhere else on the face of the earth. Who, again, has not been miserable at having to take in to dinner a woman who remains entirely irresponsive to all efforts at conversation? These and similar evils may now be avoided if only the world at large will take advantage of the boon offered to it in the shape of a book called "Society Small Talk; or, What to Say and When to Say It," which is announced as the production of a modestly anonymous "Member of the Aristocracy." No one who follows

this gifted guide need ever be at a loss. For instance, taking the occasions for small talk in their natural sequence, a lady going to call on "the merest acquaintance" will remember that "some slight fact must be known which would serve as an opening for the making of small talk, and the opening thus given would admit of a higher flight being taken than the trivial fact which had given rise to the conversation." Thus the visitor might begin by expressing her sorrow that she had been out when her hostess called; but "one always misses those whom one most wishes to see; at least, I generally find it so." Here is at once an opportunity for a higher flight, and the hostess is not slow to seize it. "Chance," she observes, "rarely, if ever, stands one's friend, and yet," she continues with a fine indifference to self-contradiction, "it is curious how chance sometimes brings about the very thing one has been vainly endeavoring to compass." This, as Bottom says, "was lofty;" but a higher flight yet is attained in the answer of the visitor, who at once plunges into the mysteries of existence with "Are you a believer in 'fate' or 'chance,' or whatever it may be, Mrs. A? or do you think that every one is master of his own fate, and that there is no such thing as chance?" Then, after one or two more speeches of the same kind, "the hostess might say, on the entrance of her husband, 'We were talking about chance.'" To which the husband, evidently a frivolous person, "might gallantly remark, 'Well, it is a lucky chance that has brought me home in time to hear the opinions of these two fair ladies on the subject.'" Small talk, observes the author, with true discernment "of the character of the foregoing, can easily be evolved from the most random remark." We come next to dinner-table talk; but, before going into this matter, the "Member of the Aristocracy" has some original suggestions to make as to the arrangements of the dinner-table itself in connection with "the actual penance that is nightly inflicted upon long-suffering humanity by the slavish observance of precedence—an observance which too often divests a dinner-party of every scintillation of brightness and geniality by the compulsory ill-assortment of the guests." It would be a great improvement if, instead of keeping up a custom which constantly compels people, ill-assorted in everything but rank, to go in to dinner together, society were to adopt some new device for showing that

it understands the advantages of rank—"say, for instance, a raised dais in the drawing-room, or seats set apart at the upper end of the room, as at a public ball, to which the guests on their arrival might be severally conducted." These methods would, no doubt, have a pleasing and imposing effect; but we would suggest that it would be a still more simple and effective plan for each guest to carry a placard on his back setting forth at full length his name, titles, and dignities. This would have the double advantage of letting humbler people know at once in what distinguished company they were, and of preventing the chance of awkward blunders in conversation.

Shortly after this we get a negative description of what "genuine" small talk is. It must not be confounded with "the senseless, ceaseless babble of the Nickleby order, or with a string of platitudes and commonplaces, interspersed here and there with an old saw or a vulgar proverb, savoring slightly of the servants' hall." People who adopt this sort of conversation are, we are told, more irritating to intellectual persons than are "those commonplace people from whom nothing more lively can be obtained than a monosyllable (*sic*) uttered at intervals." From this remarkable effort of spelling, we drift into a consideration of the best way of telling a story; and a mode much approved by a "Member of the Aristocracy" is to preserve "the strictest gravity throughout the relation, and at the close to lead, as it were, the laughter by a genuine hearty laugh, which is always contagious and mirth-provoking." This recalls to us a conversation which we heard once at the Dresden Sommertheater, when the performances were wound up with the exhibition of a wretched little *Wunderfontaine*. One of the two fiddlers in the band turned to the other with enthusiasm and said, "*Wunderschön, nicht wahr?*" The reply, given with a sigh of weariness, and ending with an expressive aposiopesis, was "*Ja—aber wenn man hat's hundertmal gesehen*—" It may, no doubt, be easier to laugh at one's own story than to admire an alien *Wunderfontaine* more than a hundred times in succession; but we should think even Mr. Hardcastle telling his celebrated story of "Old Grouse in the Gun-Room" might, after a certain number of repetitions, find it difficult to "lead as it were the laughter" by the "genuine hearty laugh" recommended by a "Member of the Aristocracy." But there are, as we learn, other and more

recondite devices for making a good story effective. It is a great matter to have an accomplice among the company, and of such accomplices a clever wife is the best; but, failing her, it will be well to engage a friend who, "although appreciating a good story, does not aspire to be a storyteller himself, but is content to give his friend a lift and a lead when opportunity offers." We have known this method tried on a more equal principle by two friends, who carefully got up a witty conversation before they went out anywhere; and the only drawback to the arrangement was that it was liable to be upset if one of the two either forgot his cue or was so carried away by the impulse of the moment that he delivered his own speech or story instead of waiting for his partner's. We should note the difference to be observed between the conduct of the wife and the friend. The wife will contrive to bring the conversation round to a good opening for the story, whereas the friend "does not *finesse* as does the clever wife, but boldly and bluntly asks for the story." His self-imposed task will not end here; for, "besides being the one to give his friend the start, he is equally ready to lead the laughter at the finish; he is never tired of hearing his friend's stories; indeed, he has a sort of partnership in them, and is proud of the success they achieve." Such an occupation as this is within the reach of a moderate ambition; but persons who are not equal to telling stories on their own account may possibly prefer to throw in their lot with those who "read up a subject either from a new or an old work, it is immaterial which, and being thus crammed for the occasion, they contrive during the course of the dinner to introduce it somehow." We are warned, however, that this kind is liable to detection from people who will "hardly give the crammed one credit for all the trouble he has taken in getting up his subject."

We now come to one of the longest conversations set before us as models. It begins with a remark made at the beginning of dinner by a man who honestly confesses that he does not like eating and talking at the same time, and it leads to this noteworthy point: "You are very severe," says the man who likes dinner better than conversation; "... it is not too late, however; I will sacrifice the next tempting *entrée*, which I see is sweetbreads, in your honor, and endeavor to recover a place in your favor." The elegant answer to this is, "By no means; I de-

cline to be propitiated by such an alarming sacrifice and self-abnegation;" and finally we come to "I must confess that I have been guilty of a subterfuge, and that I never eat sweetbreads on principle; let me whisper my reason, for fear of spoiling the appetites of those around us — a sweetbread is — a gland." This is perhaps enough of aristocratic dinner-table talk, and we pass on to the "Airy Nothings of the Ball-Room," in which we are introduced to a strange personage described as "the flowery gentleman," who, to his partner's remark "How well these rooms are lighted!" makes this astounding answer: "Yes, by the light of beauty's eyes; and you are lending your share, which is not a small one, to the general illumination, the brilliancy of which is almost too dazzling to a poor mortal like myself, to whom it is well that moments such as these are brief, else the reaction would be destructive to my peace of mind, if not altogether fatal to it." A poor girl might well be pardoned if to such an address as this she merely answered, "How absurd you are!" But, says a "Member of the Aristocracy," if she did this she would feel herself vexed at "not being able to rally him;" and what she ought to say is: "I thought you were looking a little pale and overcome — the effect of this blaze of beauty, as you say. Which particular lamp or candle would you like to have extinguished, and am I a big colored lamp, a wax candle, or a gas jet?" This, again, "was lofty;" but, on the other hand, "to envy the roses on a lady's dress, or to tell her that she outvies the beauty of the flowers she wears, is a very hackneyed simile." One may not envy roses, but one may indulge in "light banter" of this kind: "I envy that butterfly perched so daintily on your hair close to that shell-like ear. What secrets would I not whisper were I so near. Happy butterfly!"

One more passage in this foolish work has a peculiar interest. One lady complimenting another on her singing is supposed to say, "How remarkably well you phrase your songs and accent your words! ... A serious fault with many young ladies is their utter want of intelligence with regard to this." "It is this fault," replies the other, "that is even more perceptible and exaggerated, I think, when young ladies with but an indifferent knowledge of the language attempt French songs, the words of which they render thus — 'l'hiron-del-le, d'o-pa-le, ma-ti-na-le, nouvel-le —'" From

this extraordinary criticism we are led to believe that the method of singing the words of French music adopted by French people is radically wrong. We can only hope that the gifted "Member of the Aristocracy" who has told us so much about small talk will condescend to devote another volume to the new and correct method of pronouncing French in singing.

From The Saturday Review.
IRRESOLUTION.

SOME men are born with a natural infirmity of character which, if humored, amounts to an inability to make up their minds, to keep to one intention, to regard any decision as final. A variety of causes may seem to underlie this weakness—causes arising from an over-keen and ready perception of all the bearings of the question in hand, or from mere feebleness of character, rendering all grasp of a subject, all effectual hold, impossible. It may be an intellectual or a moral failing, one due to a judgment paralyzed by extent of choice, or to a conscience made slippery by habitual disregard of its first monitions; but in either case its effects upon a man's character and career are patent to others. People may have many faults which work in secret, which observers only guess at by seeing their consequences; but irresolution works in the open, and is sooner detected by the looker-on than by the man himself who is a prey to this enervating influence. What seems to the irresolute temper the mere exercise of a profound judgment or a refined taste is detected by those who are inconvenienced, irritated, or injured by it, as the slip and blemish which weakens, loosens, renders futile the whole course of life and action. The irresolute man, whatever his position or his powers, not only fails to himself, but is felt by those about him to be useless for the parts of counsellor, supporter, or advocate. He is essentially incompetent for these offices. His own course is determined, not by intention, but by chance; his judgment wants the education of personal experience. No one can remain eternally suspended between two courses of action, for the world moves and situations change, however much a man may desire to keep them at a standstill till his mind is made up. Something irrespective of his judgment steps in, and takes the

matter in hand. While he deliberates on the highest conceivable best—best in itself or best for him—while he fluctuates, accident settles the matter, with little regard for his credit or interest. It is difficult, La Bruyère says, to decide whether irresolution makes a man more unfortunate or contemptible, whether there is more harm in making a wrong decision or in making none at all. A step which a man is driven to take under the compulsion of external circumstances is seldom taken at the right time. Owing to this demand for action, even in the most vacillating—this impossibility of eternal indecision where other men and other interests are concerned—irresolution is necessarily allied with precipitation. The man incapable of a final immovable resolve decides at length on an impulse which has nothing to do with choice. Irresolute men are rash men; prone to act on the spur of the moment in order to defeat their infirmity and put it out of their power to hesitate and shilly-shally.

There are cases where these contending qualities play somewhat fatally upon one another. Thus the impulse of the moment commits a man to a course of action. Knowing his weakness he is precipitate in making promises; but then steps in the habit of his mind; he deliberates and hangs suspended, when the slower process of performance ought to follow. Irresolution splits into two, or into many, parts, what should be only one act. With the healthy, reasonable mind a promise involves its performance; but irresolution never considers anything as settled so long as change is possible. Every hindrance, every difficulty is an argument for a reversal, or breach of contract, either with oneself or others. As a fact, all important undertakings and promises engaged in under strong impressions and warm feelings are followed by a change of temperature in the undertaker and promiser. The habit of keeping to your word because it has been passed, whether to yourself or another, alone sustains the will under the reaction. "What terrible moments," said Pope, "does one feel after one has engaged in a large work! In the beginning of my translating the Iliad I wished anybody would hang me a thousand times." It is of course this relaxation of the mind's fibre which lies at the bottom of all decent forms of jilting, whether in man or woman. The promiser awakes to the fact that he has done a tremendous thing.

This may happen to the firm as well as to the weak, but the irresolute are in the habit of vacillation, and also in the habit of justifying it as reasonable deliberation. It comes easily to them to hesitate or to betray hesitation. The constant mind knows that it is in for it, and instantly recovers from the temporary panic. It is no time to weigh the question when the step is once taken; thought and deliberation have finally given place to action.

In smaller matters promises become a habit to the irresolute, as being dissociated from performance. A man gives or accepts an invitation in one mood, and backs out of it when he thinks over the inconvenience he may incur. He promises a gift, and, when the moment of parting with what he values arrives, he finds himself a different man from the rash donor, his former self. The arguments which should be silenced by a strong will press with gathering force and grow in weight as the notion of the imminence of a crisis possesses the mind; with him the fulfilment of a promise is the crisis, not the making it. Whether justly or not, Garrick's friends considered him as a framer of good intentions which he had not resolution to keep. Foote said of him that he often set out with the design of performing a generous act, but the ghost of a halfpenny meeting him at the corner of a street sent him home again. The pain of fulfilment is the only cure for this vacillating temper, the only lesson of any avail. Mere regrets, mere penitence for past imprudence, will do nothing. Promises become a habit unless they are sternly held to performance. Nor will the conscience long warn against them, for all the pleasures of benevolence can fill a mind of this class quite apart from the fulfilment of airy intentions.

Irresolution has its sphere even in matters where duty does not authoritatively declare against it. There are persons incapable of a decision from their eager apprehension of all the impediments and reasons against any course of action. It is of course easy to resolve where the mind sees no difficulties, and takes one line of conduct as condensing in it the whole right and reason of the subject. To be able to see two sides to a question checks action and suspends decision; but there is a way of doing this which enervates and unfits men for the work of the world. There are persons who have indulged themselves in this posture of mind, and even prided themselves on it, till they

are incapable of putting their intellect to any use. The necessity of doing something now is abhorrent to them; they recoil from it. The future is for them the only scene for action. Sometime—tomorrow, next year—but *now* to have to pin themselves to a resolution is odious. Not that the future has hitherto proved itself their friend. The things they have not done when the occasion demanded them have not been better done by waiting, probably have not been done by them at all. They have stood by and let others act. The work has been accomplished in a commonplace way by less fastidious heads and hands. A man placed in critical circumstances to which his ability but not his will is equal is sometimes confounded by his own acuteness in seeing the objections to every course of action. All courses have their dangers. It is well at a crisis to keep to a choice once made, though somewhat blindly, to know when it is too late to change.

The author's irresolution may be said to concern no one so much as himself, for others have only to do with his work when the processes of composition are concluded. But no doubt the habit, when indulged, does seriously affect the results of his labors. Isaak Walton quaintly records the working of indecision on the too scrupulous mind of Bishop Sanderson. "He did usually over-consider of consequences, and would so delay and reconsider what to determine, that when the bell tolled for him to appear and read his divinity lectures, and all the scholars attended to hear him, he had not then, or not till then, resolved to write what he meant to determine. Still considering and reconsidering (as his dear old friend Dr. Sheldon would often say of him), till his time was so wasted that he was forced to write not (probably) what was best, but what he thought last." In speaking of translation, of the constant and unflagging attention requisite to catch the sense of the original, and the discrimination needed in the choice of English to do justice to it, Cardinal Newman has described the same temptation and its cure. If a translator is conscious, as he well may be, of viewing either his original or his version differently according to the season or the feeling in which he takes it up, he "finds he shall never have done with correcting and altering except by an act of self-control."

The more familiar displays of this quality and the inconveniences that ensue

from it are seen in domestic and social life. Much of the comfort of social life depends on the idea of security; on being able to take for granted that things will happen as they are promised and fixed. For the order of life it is necessary that we should have certain data to go upon—that we should feel sure that what is planned will be carried out. No household is so independent of externals, so free from engagements, as to be entirely outside the stream of events to which the inner life has to be adapted. Everywhere there are comings and goings, one thing to succeed another—to replace another. That must be a dreary existence indeed which cannot be deranged by an irresolute will; a will which, either as being supreme or as having a claim on civility to forbearance, holds things in suspense, has the power to make a block, to suspend the action of others, to stop the plans and arrangements which all life that is not mere vegetation must be forming and aiming to carry out. The man who proposes to himself to leave the room and yet hangs about minute after minute, as it seems hour after hour, undecided whether to take that important step or not, shows an irresolution more worrying to some impatient natures, than cannot pursue their vocations till he is gone, than much graver forms of the malady. It is difficult not to suspect, in the case of some persons whose whims can influence the lives of numbers, that they wilfully nourish their natural indecision into an engine of oppression. We have heard of a great man keeping his whole family on the tenterhooks, the daughters ready for a start at a moment's notice, for a week at a time, while he hung in suspense about taking a journey for which he had given orders, and which nothing interfered with but the tyranny of his vacillating will. In relation to this diseased habit, we can appreciate Horace Walpole's self-complacency on his power of keeping to his intention in trivial engagements. "I arrived at Lee," he writes to Miss Berry, "on the day and hour I had promised Mr. Barrett; returned to town on the day and hour I had promised myself, and was back here as punctually in my promise to Strawberry. Nothing in this was extraordinary, as I have always had the felicity of knowing my own mind."

Irresolution is a weakness; but it often arises from the conflict of strong opposite qualities, the one prompting to action, the other retarding it. Cowper tells a correspondent that nobody would suspect

him of having in his nature an infinite share of ambition, as the more evident quality in him was an equal share of diffidence. "To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing that till lately I stole through life without undertaking anything, yet always wishing to distinguish myself." It needs strength of resolve to overcome natural obstacles of this powerful nature, but it is irresolution to postpone an effort to which reason promises success. Irresolution may seize on the most resolute where two passions or principles contend for mastery; and while this state of things lasts the mind is racked in proportion to the vehemence of its own nature and the importance of the issue. Such conflicts afford opportunity for much fine writing. "You shall see a combat," says Bayes, in "The Rehearsal," "betwixt love and honor. An ancient author has writ a whole play on't." The same conflict is exhibited working in Prince Volscius, as he unfolds, boots in hand, the imperious sway of either passion:—

Shall I to honor or to love give way?
Go on, cries honor; tender love says nay:
Honor aloud commands pluck both boots on,
But softer love does whisper, put on none.
What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
To lead me through this twilight of my mind?
For as bright day with black approach of night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my honor and my love together
Puzzle me so I can resolve on neither.

If the prince, as he hops off the stage, one boot on, one off, cuts an indifferent figure whether as hero or lover, he represents all the more aptly the quality as we sometimes see it displayed in familiar life, where it does not come from perverse circumstances, but from the indulgence of a natural tendency. If people will only force themselves to treat small, indifferent matters as settled once for all, and not hold them open to change after the determination is once made, they will be learning to resolve and to come to a ready decision where prompt judgment is essential.

From Nature.

A FEAT IN TRIANGULATION.

A NOTEWORTHY advance in geodesy has recently been accomplished by the junction of the network of measurements covering a large portion of the surface of Europe, with the African continent. The

entire triangulation of Algeria was completed by French engineers some time since, and extended to the edge of the Sahara, in lat. 37° . M. Perrier, who had directed in a great measure the triangulation of Algeria, has for the past eleven years been seeking the means of joining the network in that country with the perfect trigonometric system covering the surface of Spain, France, and England. The importance of such a junction is easily appreciated when we consider what notable changes in the accurate conception of the shape of the earth and of the length of meridians has been effected by measurements on a much smaller scale.

For such an undertaking the most careful and painstaking preparations were requisite. As the result of his reconnaissances between 1868 and 1872, M. Perrier found that from all the trigonometric points of the first order between Oran and the frontiers of Morocco, the loftier crests of the Sierra Nevada on the Spanish coast opposite, were visible in exceptionally clear weather. Arrangements were subsequently made with the Spanish Geographical Institute for the mutual and contemporaneous execution of the proposed plan. A corps of Spanish officers, under the direction of the well-known General Ibanez, was detailed for this purpose, while the French minister of war placed a division of officers from the *Etat-Major* under the command of M. Perrier. The leaders chose for stations in Algeria the summits of Mount Filhaoursen and Mount M'Sabiha, west of Oran, and in Spain the summits of Mount Tetica and Mount Mulhacen, the latter of which is the most elevated point in the kingdom. The directions and distances between these four points were computed as carefully as possible, and preparations were then made for the final and determinative observations. At the Algerian stations the nature of the country and its inhabitants necessitated the use of a numerous force of soldiery as well as of means of transport.

In order to insure the accuracy of the observations, which required the passage of signals over a distance of two hundred and seventy kilometres, it was decided to make use of solar reflectors and powerful lenses. The efficacy of such apparatus for even greater distances had already been tested by M. Perrier; still for the measurements in question they appear to have utterly failed to answer the expectations based upon them, not a single solar signal being visible from any station. For-

tunately, the success of the observations did not rest entirely upon this one system of signals. Preparations had likewise been made for the employment of the electric light, and on the summit of each mountain one of Gramme's electro-magnetic machines worked by engines of six-horse power had been placed in position.

On August 20 last, all the stations were occupied, and the electric lights were displayed throughout each night. Then the patience of the observers was submitted to a lengthy proof. The mists rising from the Mediterranean totally prevented the exchange of signals, until, after a delay of twenty days, one after another the electric lights became visible even to the naked eye. Perrier compared the intensity of the light on Tetica, nearly two hundred and seventy kilometres distant, to that of α in Ursa Major, which rose near by. The observations were continued from September 9 to October 18, when this task, for which such extensive preparations had been made, was completed in the most satisfactory manner. With its completion we come into possession of trigonometric measurements of the most exact nature, extending from lat. 61° in the Shetland Islands, to lat. 34° on the southern frontier of Algeria.

The extension of this network southward and eastward in Africa, desirable as it is for the elucidation of many nice points in geodesy, is unfortunately scarcely possible in the immediate future, and science must rest content with gaining a foothold in the great continent.

T. H. N.

From Nature.

THE ANIMAL HEAT OF FISHES.

THE belief that fishes are *cold-blooded*, that is, that they take on the temperature of the water which surrounds them, with no power to resist it, and that they develop little or no animal heat themselves, is still held by many even scientific observers. This belief is based partly upon the well-authenticated fact that fishes have been frozen and thawed again into life; partly upon the statements of many travellers who have found them living in water of a very high temperature (Humboldt and Bonpland recording the highest, 210° F.); and further, that a thermometer inserted into the rectum of some living fish freshly drawn from the water has been repeatedly found to indicate tem-

perature corresponding very closely to that of the water itself.

During the past summer, and in connection with the operations of the U.S. Fish Commission at Provincetown, Mass., Surgeon J. H. Kidder, of the U.S. Navy, was detailed to make some systematic observations upon the subject of fish-temperatures with a view to setting the question upon a secure basis of actual experiment. Thermometers were made expressly for the purpose by Mr. John Tagliaine, of New York, of unusual delicacy, registering about 10° F. each, and recording fifths of a degree. These were used in connection with Negretti and Zambra's deep-sea thermometers, and all the instruments were deduced to a single standard by frequent comparisons, so as to insure *relative* accuracy. The fish were taken with a line, and their temperatures observed at once, care being taken that no considerable change in temperature occurred during the time consumed in bringing the fish to the surface. The observed temperatures were then compared with that of the water as recorded by a Negretti-Zambra thermometer sunk to about the depth from which the fishes were taken. The first observations, made by inserting the thermometer into the rectum of the fish, agreed with the generally received opinion, showing but little higher temperature than that of the surrounding water.

The mode of experiment was then somewhat modified. Considering the fact that the intestinal canal of a fish is in close contact with the thin and scarcely vascular walls of the abdomen, which is surrounded by the water in which the animal swims; and, further, that the arterial blood comes from the gills, where it has been spread out as thinly as possible and brought into the closest contact with the surrounding water—a process well calculated to cool it quickly to the same temperature—it follows that neither the interior of the rectum nor the arterial blood would appear to have the same value as representing the body-temperature in fishes that those parts possess in mammals and birds. It is rather in the venous circulation and the branchial artery that we should seek for the heat which must certainly be developed in the chemical processes of nutrition and waste,

and in connection with active muscular movements. In the remaining experiments of the series—about ninety in number—the fish was therefore opened at once, and the bulb of the thermometer inserted into the cavity of the heart, or branchial artery.

It appears from these experiments that fishes do develop a measureable quantity of animal heat, which is more apparent during the spawning season, and much greater in elasmobranchs (as is to be expected from their more perfect digestive and assimilative apparatus) than in other fishes. It also appears that the measure of this animal heat is to be sought in the venous blood, and not in the intestinal canal or arterial blood.

The limits of this preliminary note will not permit us to go into an enumeration of the difficulties of observation, or the measures taken to guard against the errors likely to attend them. Nor is the number of observations (ninety-five in all) sufficient to warrant the offering of these figures as a final statement of the *degree* of animal heat presented by the several fishes observed. All that can be said to be proved so far is the fact that fishes do manifest animal heat, and in considerable quantities, sufficient to warm again, to the extent of from 3° to 12° , blood that has been cooled in each circuit to the temperature of the surrounding water. Details will be given in the forthcoming report of the United States Fish Commission.

In the single instance of a lower temperature than that of the water, observed in five bluefish, all taken on the same day, it may be that the individuals experimented on, being taken at the surface, had just come up from a much greater depth and colder stratum of water. There seems to be no conceivable provision by which a fish can maintain a temperature below that of the surrounding water, cooling by evaporation being out of the question. The young dogfish from its mother's oviduct showed a temperature 8° higher than that of the mother herself, for the obvious reason that its blood, not coming into contact with the water by its gills (the umbilical sac was still attached), was not cooled otherwise than mediately, through the blood of the mother.